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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,803

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

YOU CALL THIS AUSTERITY?

The usual battle metaphors have been invoked to describe the latest round of budget negotiations between the White House and Congress. But these weren't the normal sort of negotiations in which both sides know what they want and the struggle is over how much each side will have to compromise. In this case neither side had a serious deficit-cutting proposal. The negotiations were more like those between two little kids daring each other to enter a haunted house (labeled "taxes") and a cemetery (labeled "entitlements"), each claiming the other lacks the guts to do it and secretly relieved his bluff isn't being called. Is that Mom yelling, "Dinnertime"? Oh heck, I really wanted to go ahead. Well, we'll do it tomorrow for sure.

The people who say that $30 billion or so in deficit reduction is insufficient are obviously right. It's pathetic. Where they go wrong is in presenting the alternative as something called "austerity." For all the gloomy talk of tightening the belts and shutting down the party and cutting up the credit card, the degree of adjustment we need to make is trivial. What we regard as untenable austerity is a level of self-indulgence that any other society on earth, including our own until recently, would regard as sybaritic.

Let's be really bold. Suppose we wanted to divert $200 billion a year from public and private consumption into productive investment and debt reduction. This would be tricky to achieve, of course. There are lots of dials to twiddle: taxes, government spending, money supply, interest rates. There's the danger that a plunge in consumption, mishandled, could produce a self-feeding economic contraction rather than restoring the basis for healthy growth. There are difficult distinctions: much government spending *is* productive investment. There are questions of distributive justice: Who should take how big a hit?

But the main obstacle, clearly, is the political difficulty of getting anybody to take any serious hit at all, either through higher taxes or lower government benefits. And yet, just as clearly, a convincing social decision to control our appetites to the tune of $200 billion a year would solve our economic problems overnight. The federal government and foreign trade deficits would disappear. Interest rates would plummet. Growth would take off. A readjustment of even half this amount—$100 billion redeployed from consumption to investment—would be treated as a miracle by the world financial markets, and rightly so.

How big a hit is $200 billion? In a $4.5 trillion economy, it's about four percent. A $100 billion hit is two percent. That's about $400 a person or $1,000 a household. That, in turn, is four percent of the median household income of about $25,000. Not chickenfeed, to be sure. But for an exercise in social self-restraint that would quickly pay for itself in economic growth, it doesn't seem unthinkable. Even $800 a person or $2,000 a household—the price of a genuine economic revolution—hardly warrants the term "austerity" with its evocation of social challenge on the order of World War II.

Diverting four percent of GNP to solving our economic problems would leave the rest of the economy about where it was at the beginning of last year. Did you feel poor on January 1, 1986? The voices like Jack Kemp who, today, denounce calls for serious fiscal discipline as needless austerity—were they bemoaning our terrible fate on January 1, 1986? Not at all. That was just about when the celebrations of the Reagan boom were at their most ecstatic.

In 1982 the economy contracted by 2.5 percent. The recession of the early 1980s, as a whole, robbed the economy of far more than four percent. Virtually everyone who is not running for president, or is not in the pay of someone who is, agrees that a recession will be hard to avoid, one way or another, without steps of the kind the president and Congress seem unable to take. A recession is sure to deprive us of more than

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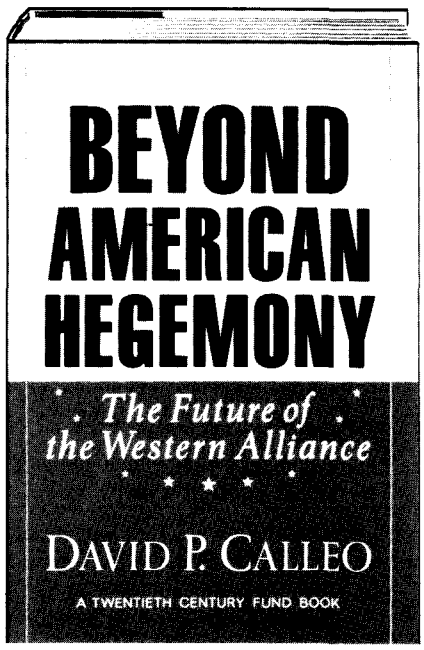

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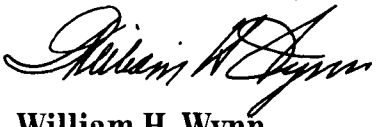

William H. Wynn
International President

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WHITE HOUSE ACCOUNTING

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC recently attacked the Reagan administration's proposal to raise revenue by selling assets—i.e., privatization—as similar to "cashing in a CD to pay the MasterCard bill" ("Reagan's 'Correction,'" November 16). In other words, the revenue derived in this matter, even if it reduces the deficit, will not have beneficial economic effect. TNR instead favors higher taxes to reduce the deficit.

If one is going to be consistent in arguing that asset sales do not reduce the deficit in some real sense, then one must also take the position that expenditures on such assets do not add to the deficit in the first place. Unfortunately, TNR is not consistent in this regard. For if it were, then it would have to subtract from the deficit the total amount of investment-type outlays in the budget, including purchases of real property, equipment, roads, bridges, and other public works. In fiscal 1988 such expenditures amount to about $218 billion, or considerably more than the projected budget deficit.

GARY L. BAUER
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

It's good to see the Reagan White House acknowledging that much government spending is in the nature of an investment and not just money down the toilet. However, Mr. Bauer's accounting remains screwy. During Reagan's tenure these investment-type expenditures have undergone the severest cuts, while simple check-writing has continued to increase. Government investment must continue, and ought to increase, but assets available to be sold off will rapidly deplete. To pay for current investments and current expenses by selling off old investments, often at a deep discount, is fiscal tomfoolery.

ON PAZ ON CAPITALISM

To the editors:

Octavio Paz writes in "The Barricades and Beyond" (November 9) that "the first object of criticism must always be criticism itself." His criticism of capitalist democracies where "freedom of expression . . . is threatened" must therefore be criticized. If capitalist democracies really do practice "a form of censorship no less pernicious, no less barbarous than ideological censorship" of totalitarian regimes, then how can we hope to find words to describe what the governments of, say, Albania or the Soviet Union do? As George Orwell—ironically, praised in the same essay—pointed out years ago, such careless flights of rhetoric debase languages and ideas, especially in the political arena.

PHILIP AVERBUCK
Newtonville, Massachusetts

GAY GRIEVANCES

To the editors:

To Richard Blow, the lack of political clout of the gay community was demonstrated by the fact that only 30 attended one event he observed at the March on Washington for Gay and Lesbian Rights ("Those Were the Gays," November 2). How bizarre to conclude that the impact of a half million gay voters marching on the capital and in the largest demonstration ever at the Supreme Court was somehow negated by one obscure event. What about record attendance and record fund-raising done at the dozens of other political events sponsored by gay national organizations that drew members of Congress and candidates? The march was only the beginning of our realization of an ability to determine the future, not simply a mourning over the past.

DANIEL R. POGUE LAYMAN
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:

Richard Blow says gays don't use their political muscle. Few showed up at candidates night. It didn't bother him that the candidates didn't show either. The conservative instincts of liberals are the source of pitiful advice like supporting candidates who don't support you just because they don't seem to hate you.

CURTIS L. COLE
New York, New York

To the editors:

Richard Blow writes, "It's almost impossible for lesbians to become in-

continued on page 41

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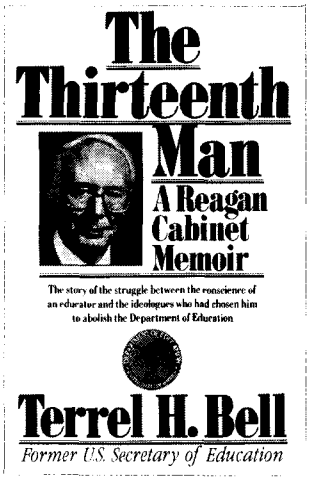
Terrel Bell, previously U.S. Commissioner of Education from 1974 to 1976, had been a leader on the national education scene for over twenty years before becoming Reagan's Secretary of Education in 1981. He is currently professor of educational administration at the University of Utah.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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 7, 1987

WRIGHT IS WRONG

Maybe it's time to get serious about the Logan Act. A stretch in Allenwood might be a mite too harsh a sanction for House Speaker Jim Wright's bizarre intervention in the negotiations to end Nicaragua's civil war. But a televised trial might be instructive (as the Iran-*contra* hearings were on the subject of executive overreaching) and a deterrent to other amateur diplomatists.

We are being kind to call Wright an amateur, because that implies that he knows not what he does. And what he is doing, in effect, is supporting the Sandinistas' position in delicate negotiations. Their aim is to narrow as much as possible the political opening they are willing to give in exchange for disarming the *contras*.

For years the Sandinistas have said that they would negotiate only with the United States, as a way to demonstrate that the *contras* are nothing but a U.S. creation. Only two weeks ago, however, the Sandinistas, under intense pressure, agreed to negotiate with the *contras*. This step was significant not just because it gave legitimacy to the *contras* as an equal party to a civil war. It also held out the hope that in the course of the cease-fire negotiations the *contras* might force Daniel Ortega to make the democratic opening called for in the Arias plan.

Enter Jim Wright. Within one week of the dramatic Sandinista announcement, he's huddling with Ortega at the Capitol, hammering out the Sandinista cease-fire offer. Not only does Wright bring in Cardinal Obando y Bravo, the chosen intermediary for the Sandinista-*contra* talks. He brings in Paul Warnke too, an arms control expert whose speciality is concession.

Who needs Warnke? Who needs Wright? The more the Sandinistas deal with Americans, the less they have to deal with the *contras*. Even the venue suits Ortega. Talks in Washington support his claim that he is fighting not rebels but American mercenaries. The *contras* want talks in Managua. Costa Rica seems a fair compromise. Wright's solution is to bring the talks into his Capitol Hill office. Either he is blind to the symbolism or he likes it.

These may seem like peripheral issues, but they are central to the question of what kind of legitimacy and political space the Sandinistas will grant the country's opposition. Whatever Wright may think about the *contras*, the more leverage they have, the more Ortega will have to open up his society in order to disarm them. For Wright willfully to detract from the legitimacy that the Sandinistas are being forced to grant the Nicaraguan resistance is unpardonable. Whose interest, after all, is he serving by supplanting and thus diminishing the *contras*?

Even more important than procedure is substance. After his long huddles with Speaker Wright, Ortega emerged to present a cease-fire plan that calls for the unilateral disarming of the *contras* over the period of a month in return for the vaguest promises of democracy. Ortega has every right to take an opening position that guarantees the continued rule of his Marxist-Leninist party. But for the Speaker of the House to give Ortega's position his imprimatur is unpardonable. It puts him far to the left of President Oscar Arias, who has insisted on the principle of simultaneity: peace and democratization must occur together, not peace now and democratization later. That approach was tried in 1979. The consequence was dictatorship and war.

The *contras* will demand a cease-fire in place that lets them keep the gains they have achieved on the battlefield as a guarantee against Sandinista bad faith. With a cease-fire in place one can talk about disarmament, reconciliation, and, most important, political space (democracy). Wright's pseudo-diplomacy can only weaken the *contras'* hand and thus narrow that space.

George Shultz's diplomatic mission to Capitol Hill to publicly make up with Wright changed nothing. What Wright has in effect done is to take the partisanship that has developed over Nicaragua policy to its logical and most absurd extreme. In effect, we now have two policies: an administration policy, which is allied with the *contras*, and a congressional policy, which has allied itself with the Sandinistas. The Democrats have long argued that they are not so allied. Speaker Wright is sorely testing that proposition. He may think his maneuvering clever. He is just opening his door to old friends, he protests. In fact, he is helping close the door on the one party to these talks that can bring

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to Nicaragua a hint of the freedom he and we enjoy in America. Wright aspires perhaps to be a statesman. He is becoming a stooge.

NOTEBOOK

□ STRAIGHT LINE: The post-Ginsburg consensus on the matter of drug use seems to be that it will not be held against you if it was a "youthful indiscretion" but is unacceptable if done during adult life. The cutoff seems to be somewhere between college and law school—say, age 21. This is in striking contrast to the Reagan-era consensus on the use of alcohol, which is that it is acceptable after the age of 21 but not before. The apparent message is that it's OK to be stoned as a minor and drunk as an adult, but not the other way around.

□ SPEAKING OF GINSBURG: Harvard Law School professor Hal Scott says he was misquoted in press reports relied upon by last week's Cambridge Diarist. He does not recall seeing Douglas Ginsburg smoke marijuana at a party. He recalls seeing Ginsburg at a party where marijuana was being smoked and having been told later, possibly by Ginsburg himself, that he had partaken. He did not discuss any of this with the press until after Ginsburg had released the information.

□ NO TRUMP: When Jim Wright wishes to see Daniel Ortega, the Speaker of the House summons the chief Sandinista to his office on Capitol Hill (see above). But when Jim Wright wishes to see Donald Trump, the House Speaker journeys to New York for an audience with the real estate

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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1. CASH AND CARRION

Post-crash budget. There's a moral to the budget summit spectacle: decades-long rhetoric about federal spending, federal growth, the very nature of the federal government and its relationship to the citizenry, is dead meat. Politicos can kid themselves, but henceforth the only real debate about the size and role of the federal government will concern its rate of expansion.

2. NO LOW CONTENDER, EH?

Judge Kennedy. Judge Kennedy's nomination is the administration's plea of nolo contendere. Reagan says we're all wiser now, and he's right. Despite all the talk of electoral mandates, U.S. political culture is militantly moderate. The Court changes, but not at an individual president's behest. Not even FDR, much less a decayed Reagan, could get away with that.

3. PEACE IN OUR CLIME

Nicaragua. The White House had long since lost control of the peace process; its only option was a choice of reactions. Speaker Wright's astounding intervention in the process, however, undercut even that position. Wright was a surrogate moving actively in Ortega's direction. This story isn't about Wright. It's about the Washington power vacuum.

4. NOISES OFF

1988. Cuomo says he'll run if he has to. He's said that before, so why is this news? Because the Republicans have now joined the Democrats on the 1988 stage, and the contrast is telling. GOP candidates appear substantive, at least compared with the who-are-these-guys Democratic personae. Bradley's supporters are making offstage noises too.

5. WEST SIDE STORY

Child abuse. The "Lisa" story was never about children. Children die at their parents' hands every day; this story failed to build even on the next New York case. The "Lisa" story was about her parents, upper-middle-class and Jewish, whose appearance in the crime pages was man-bites-dog. Bottom-class child abuse is tolerated.

6. ROCKET'S RED DARE

Gulf. Our zillion-dollar Navy obviously has the stupid Iranians right where it wants them. Whenever they feel like it, they fire a rocket through a loophole in our "policy." Damaged so far: U.S.-owned ships flying somebody else's flag, U.S.-flagged ships sitting in somebody's waters, and credibility among the Arabs we are trying to salvage.

7. BY THE NUMBERS

Shere Hite. Shere Hite and *Forbes*'s Srully Blotnick fell into the same cultural trap this year. If you address social phenomena in terms of ideas—as an intellectual—nobody will care. But use percentages, studies, equations, etc., and you're a *scientist* with a chance of being noticed.

8. TV GUIDES

Two-tier TV. The debate over PBS is back: Who should underwrite it, and what's its purpose now anyway? PBS stations are making increasingly commercial decisions, chasing a shrinking broadcast audience around and proling themselves in the process. Meanwhile, the networks are greatly expanding the number of shows featuring black characters, reflecting the growing importance of black viewers to them. These are two sides of the same phenomenon: TV stratification.

9. CRY THE BELOVED CINEMA

South Africa. Mbeki's been released, but then so has the Biko film. The heavily reported Mbeki release may owe its timing to the heavily hyped *Cry Freedom.* And why not? Sensitivity to apartheid owes much to show-biz stunts. Freeing Mbeki vitiates the Biko film's potential impact and forestalls efforts to capitalize on it.

10. SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Van Gogh. A second Van Gogh painting—of *flowers* yet—has sold for a mind-bending sum, reportedly to another Japanese buyer. Art? Forget it, this is postindustrial potlatch. Pacific Northwest tribes once had so many trader blankets that they derived more status from ritually destroying them than from possessing them. All those exported dollars with nowhere to go are the blankets, and the rest is status-through-squandering.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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the wildest ideas of government in the world

That's what Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts attributed to his compatriots when other Framers of the U.S. Constitution proposed, in June of 1787, submitting the new document for ratification to delegates chosen by voters in each state. Gerry was afraid his fellow citizens in Massachusetts and those of other Eastern states would refuse to accept the Constitution.

What that document would propose was so novel and unprecedented that in Gerry's view its best chance of passage lay in a vote by the Confederation of States already existing—an assembly that had been, as Gerry thought, sanctioned by the people themselves.

But others at the Constitutional Convention that summer in Philadelphia—especially the influential James Madison and Alexander Hamilton—felt the Confederation must be transcended. It was in their view too disorganized to focus the strength potential in its members; and its Congress might be inclined to refuse the proposed Constitution in order to preserve its own supremacy. Of particular urgency, in the opinion of both Madison and Hamilton, was some new arrangement to keep commerce and commercial activity secure from arbitrary or shortsighted regulation imposed by various states in the Confederation.

Connecticut and Pennsylvania were then at swords' points over the former's attempt to colonize western portions of the latter. New York and Pennsylvania were happily squeezing exorbitant duties out of New Jersey, called in popular parlance the "keg tapped at both ends," as the price of letting Jersey's products reach port. Hamilton warned sternly, in issue No. 7 of The Federalist, that this sort of state behavior—when they acted as "independent sovereignties consulting a distinct interest"—would "naturally lead to outrages, and these to reprisals and wars."

What the Framers were seeking, through the new Constitution, was "A unity of commercial, as well as political, interests...." And in devising this they created among the states something we still enjoy: the first great common market.

That system safe for enterprise is enshrined within the Constitution by a few phrases and clauses celebrated in this series of essays but otherwise infrequently recalled. These safeguards were forged in the fiery debates attending the genesis of a Constitution so radical that it may truly be called The Second American Revolution.

The commerce clause

This appears in Section 8 of Article One and provides that: *"The Congress shall have Power...To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States...."*

Madison wrote that these phrases set up a federal power "which few oppose, and from which no apprehensions are entertained." The Framers did not see the clause as even the slightest repudiation of the federalism they were seeking but rather in the way Madison described their aims many years later, in 1829: "negative and preventive against injustice among the states rather than for the positive purposes of the federal government."

In proposing a broad national market free of state interference, the Framers ensured an environment in which businesses could: (1) compete on an equal footing; (2) gain access to an open, nationwide, and easily accessible market; and (3) be protected from undue burdens and state discrimination as they pushed the free movement of goods and people across state lines.

Invention, manufacturing, agriculture, and commerce flourished as these floods of enterprise coursed through the states thus united. And this commercial amity bound the American people together as nothing else might have done, avoiding those controversies rooted in princely power, prejudice, or dogma that had so often beggared the peoples of Europe and Asia.

Our Constitution gave birth to modern free-market capitalism—and capitalism has in turn engendered the economic strength and widespread prosperity that have kept our Constitution a beacon of hope for all the earth. It is because the Framers inseparably wedded our economic and our political liberties in one document that we and our children continue to enjoy both—and can join to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the gift the Framers left us.

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magnate. Wright wanted Trump, a registered Republican, to join the Democratic Party—and, just by the way, to chair a fund-raising dinner for Democratic congressional candidates. Thus is revealed the social order circa 1987: an elected leader of the world's most powerful democracy outranks a small-time Marxist commisar, but a landlord outranks them both.

□ AFTER THE CRASH:

A Break for Debtor Nations
Plunge Leads To Rate Cuts
—*New York Times*, November 2

Stock Crash Bodes Ill for Debtor Nations
—*Wall Street Journal*, same day
(thanks to Wayne Curtis, Portland, Maine)

Market Fears Rival New Products at Computer Show
—*Los Angeles Times*, November 3

Judging by Computer Show, Who Would Know Stocks Crashed?
—*Wall Street Journal*, same day
(thanks to John M. Hillman, Los Angeles, California)

Dow Plunges Again — 51 Points
—*San Francisco Chronicle*, November 4, page one

Stocks Rally, Dow Off Only 51
—same paper, same day, page C1
(thanks to Anna Margaret Jongeward, Shell Beach, California)

Real Estate Unhurt by Stock Dive
—*Los Angeles Times*, November 8, section VIII, page 1

Stock Market Cools Real Estate Fever
—same paper, same day, same section, page 16
(thanks to a half dozen California readers)

□ BABY UPDATE: Madeleine Pauline Watkins (6 pounds, 12 ounces), daughter of former production associate Karen Watkins and occasional contributor Al Watkins, arrived November 14. With this TNR completes, at least for the moment, its contribution to the survival of the human race and turns its attention back to more important matters.

□ THE DEMOCRATS DEBATE, I:

Democratic hopefuls quarrel on economy
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, November 3

Democrats Find Little to Argue About
—*Washington Post*, same day
(thanks to Will Saletan, Washington, D.C.)

□ THE DEMOCRATS DEBATE, II:

Democrats take off kid gloves, aim sharp blows at each other
—*San Diego Union*, November 9

Forum on Environment Stirs Little Disagreement

Democrats Trudge Through Another Debate
—*Los Angeles Times*, same day
(thanks to Herb Fredman, La Jolla, California)

GLASNOST, I

GORBACHEV'S PROFS

THE MOST difficult thing to cope with when you fly from Warsaw to Boston is intellectual jet lag, especially if you're French and the topic is Gorbachev. In Warsaw the mood is highly skeptical: a question about Soviet-style reformism provokes a yawn or one of those meaningful "not another *glasnost*-crazed Westerner" looks. In Boston, on the contrary, Gorbachev is a sexy topic. At the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies, the most boring panel can draw a huge turnout by adding "the Gorbachev factor" to its title.

After the Zimmerwald conference in 1915, Trotsky observed that the nucleus of what was to become the Communist International could fit in two taxis. I sometimes have the same feeling about Soviet studies in Paris: a small group of people linked—or rather divided—by common personal and political interests. In America there is an actual Soviet Studies profession. When you see these hundreds of earnest academics from Utah, Oklahoma, or Indiana discussing the most arcane aspects of rural life in Transylvania, exchanging cards and papers in highly unreadable prose, "professional" is the only appropriate epithet.

The overwhelming majority of the "professionals" seem excited and optimistic about the prospects of change in the Soviet Union. This is understandable: there was nothing more depressing than studying a non-event such as the slow decay and paralysis of the Soviet system under Brezhnev. So the profession seems to need Gorbachev as a "principle of hope." Gorbachev too, in a way, needs the profession to help him convey to the American elites and policy-makers the stamp of reformist authenticity.

Princeton professor Stephen Cohen (known as "Sovieticus" to the readers of the *Nation* and erstwhile adviser to Democratic aspirants for the presidency) is among the most eager to bring the good news. In Boston he proclaimed the Soviet reform process "irreversible," something even Gor-

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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bachev might hesitate to state so categorically. Interpreting Gorbachev as a revival of a democratic and pluralistic strand of communism of which Bukharin and Khrushchev were leading representatives is not good enough for him. Drawing attention to the track record of the Bukharins and Khrushchevs (and Dubceks) of Soviet history is, in Cohen's view, to remain a prisoner of an outdated Sovietological concept inherited from the cold war era. Soviet studies therefore need a *perestroika* (reconstruction) to keep in touch with Gorbachev's reforms. To those empiricists who track how little by way of reform has so far been implemented, he answers: "How long did it take to implement the New Deal in the U.S.?" If you happen to be interested (as is my case) in the constraint on Gorbachev's reforms, you are told that the real constraint is the cold war posture of the American foreign policy.

AS I LISTENED to this attempt to use Gorbachev as a stick to beat Reagan, I wondered how the comparison of FDR's America and Gorbachev's Russia would fare in Warsaw. Polish intellectuals would probably feel more in tune with the analogy used by Robert Conquest. He compared today's Russia to France in 1780: everybody knew the system did not work; they even appointed an economist to put things right; but eventually change had to come from without the system. In other words, the issue is not how genuine are Gorbachev's intentions—nobody really knows that—it is the nature of the system. Can it shake off its Stalinist legacy, and yet survive?

The point is that a "reconstruction" in Soviet studies has already taken place over the last 20 years. The postwar generation of Soviet specialists (often of Eastern European origin) that witnessed the rise of Nazi-Stalinist totalitarianism has gradually been replaced by the generation of the 1960s, which knew not Joseph. In the process, the concept of totalitarianism has been replaced by various models borrowed from the study of Western societies and applied to the Soviet Union: thus number-crunching and model-building versions of "convergence theory" produced American-style poli-sci monographs on pluralism, the growth of political "participation," or the emergence of interest groups in the Soviet Union. To question the very notion of political pluralism in a one-Party state came to be considered academic bad manners. The notion of political participation was modified to resemble Baron de Coubertin's Olympic ideal: the point is not to win (the elections), but to take part. Intellectuals in Central Europe, who know what the masquerade of participation means, may be forgiven for concluding that the more Western academics study the Soviet Union the less they understand it.

When I came to Harvard in 1972 to study Soviet society I was anxious to escape the overpoliticized climate in which the subject was treated in France: something too closely resembling Ignazio Silone's aphorism that the "final struggle" will be between the communists and the ex-communists. The Russian Research Center, financially impoverished as it was, seemed to offer the academic excellence and the proper distance. Merle Fainsod, the author of the standard textbook *How Russia Is Ruled*, had just died and the debate over his replacement had begun. In the interim, the new "revised" edition of Fainsod's book was published by a promising young scholar (Jerry Hough) under the title *How the Soviet Union Is Governed*: a semantic slip revealing a more profound change of paradigm. Fifteen years on, Fainsod's chair has not yet been filled, though it soon will be. When it is, the *perestroika* of American Soviet studies will have been completed.

Historians have long debated the human cost of Stalinism in terms of millions. Now a certain Mr. Getty—a name among "revisionist" historians, I am told—assessed the number of victims of Stalin's terror during the collectivization drive at 35,000. Gorbachev, in his 70th anniversary speech, spoke of the "thousands who died." Thousands? Died? I am not suggesting that the value attached to human life should be the only criterion by which to judge the new Soviet politicians, let alone the Sovietologists in their thrall. But it is difficult to put much faith in either of them so long as they are reluctant to come clean about the Stalinist past. On the evidence of Gorbachev's big speech and their response to it, the Sovietologists' East-West intellectual jet lag is going to get worse before it gets better. Next year the conference will discuss Gorbachev in Honolulu.

JACQUES RUPNIK

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GLASNOST, II

MOSCOW STALLING

IN AT LEAST one respect the much advertised *glasnost* has not reached the level of political openness practiced under Nikita Khrushchev. Between 1956 and 1964 we were given, though not invariably, the stenographic reports of the sessions of the Central Committee. The reports were, to be sure, occasionally bowdlerized. Still, the practice accorded the Soviet citizen, as well as us in the West, an occasional insight into the doings at the approaches to the Communist Olympus, the Politburo. Well, that useful practice has not yet been reintroduced by Gorbachev, and so we are left with just rumors of what happened at the very important Central Committee meeting on October 21, which, according to the official communiqué, "considered problems connected with the 70th anniversary of the Great October Revolution and some current issues."

As it is we must try to reconstruct what is obviously a very volatile Kremlin scene in the light of circumstantial

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evidence. One clue is found in the fact that it was almost immediately following the Plenum that Gorbachev astounded Secretary of State George Shultz by declaring that in view of the Reagan administration's position on SDI, he would not visit Washington this year. Thus there has to be a strong presumption that the October 21 meeting bared and probably aggravated a split within the Politburo concerning domestic policies, and that in view of this the general secretary felt that he could not absent himself from the scene of the struggle even for a few days, SDI being merely a convenient excuse.

It is then *perestroika* and *glasnost* and not foreign policy that are the main objects of contention within the ruling elite. And it is clear that within this context it is Soviet history that constitutes one of the main battlegrounds of the struggle. History in the Soviet Union (and, for that matter, though not to the same extent, in pre-1917 Russia) has always been considered too important to be left to historians. When it comes to political history it has, since Stalin, been the general secretary who ex officio is also the historian-in-chief. Therefore it is not surprising that it was the historical part of Gorbachev's speech that was most eagerly awaited by both the Party and society at large. Was the general secretary going to condemn Stalin as a leader and man without qualifications? Was he going to rehabilitate *fully* those Bolshevik bigwigs (practically all of Lenin's old guard) who became Stalin's victims?

THE RELEVANT PARTS of the speech fell quite short of such expectations. Reading them one gets a strong impression that they represent a compromise between the advocates of greater candor about the past (and presumably more openness now) and those oligarchs who believe, as Satchel Paige once put it, "Don't look behind, something might be catching up with you." Stalin is criticized, and severely, but Gorbachev still felt constrained to praise him as the man who led the fight against Trotskyism, and who during World War II displayed "tremendous political resolve and . . . the talent for organization and for disciplining people"—in some ways a less severe judgment on the tyrant than that rendered by Khrushchev in his time.

Gorbachev also disappointed those who expected him to repudiate once and for all the opprobrious and false charges preferred against those Old Bolsheviks whom Stalin sent to their doom. The only one among them who had previously not been rehabilitated, and whom the general secretary saw fit to praise—mildly, was Bukharin. Ironically enough, that praise was in connection with Bukharin's struggle against Trotsky, some incidents of which are in fact among the less creditable events of Bukharin's career. Few could have expected a full rehabilitation of Trotsky, but many in and outside the Party must have been astounded by Gorbachev's entirely negative evaluation of the organizer of the Red Army. Nor, one feels, could the implications of the historical part of the address advance the case dear to the general secretary's heart, that of *perestroika*. Supposedly a cardinal part of the latter has to be a radical restructuring, it not abolition, of the collective farm system. Speaking of the forcible collectivization of Soviet agriculture under Stalin, a feat of brutal social engineering that cost millions of lives, Gorbachev acknowledged that indeed there had been excesses in dealing with the peasants, but on the whole "collectivization meant a basic transformation of the entire mode of life of the majority of the population, and placed it upon socialist foundations." If so, wouldn't a radical modification of the system mean a turn toward capitalism?

And so, as the Yeltsin affair also showed, the general secretary has a struggle on his hands in domestic policy. But it is at least premature to think that he himself is in danger of being overthrown. Even those oligarchs dubious of *perestroika* must realize that it would be a severe blow to the prestige of the Party, and indeed the Soviet system, to topple the first dynamic leader the country has had in years and to replace him with a gray bureaucrat à la Chernenko.

While embattled on the domestic front, Gorbachev appears to have the solid backing of the leadership on foreign policy. This was reflected in the much more self-assured tone of his November 2 speech when it came to the survey of international affairs. Unlike similar exercises by his predecessors, this survey included relatively few pejorative stereotypes about the West in general, and the United States in particular. Rather than gloating over the stock market crash and portraying it as yet another harbinger of the eventual doom of capitalism (e.g., Brezhnev in 1981: "Capitalism is a system with no future"), Gorbachev cited it to support the argument that it is in the West's own interest to reduce the burden of armaments. He also appeared to hint that the U.S.S.R. would no longer ride herd on other countries of the "socialist camp" as it had in the past: "All the Communist parties are fully and irreversibly self-governing. . . . The period of the Comintern, Cominform, and even of *binding* international consultation has passed."

Has the Kremlin thus forsaken its expansionist ways, and is it ready to watch with equanimity when a Solidarity-like movement erupts in one of its Eastern European client states? No, it would be as fatuous to come to that conclusion as to believe that what Gorbachev has in mind for his own country is Western-style political pluralism and democracy. He has not become the general secretary to preside over the liquidation of the Communist empire. Rather, the underlying sense of his speech is meant to convey what a czarist prime minister, Stolypin, had in mind when in 1908 he proclaimed that the country needed

GORBACHEV ASSAILS CRIMES OF STALIN, LAUDS KHRUSHCHEV

—*New York Times*, November 3

Gorbachev Bends to Hard-Liners By Hedging His Attack on Stalin

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

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a period of peace and internal reform, and "then you will not recognize Russia . . . and what the Russian government says will have to be listened to by Europe, by the whole world."

If the Soviet Union enters upon a period of imparting new dynamism to its economy and society, it is so as to compete more effectively on the global scale with the West. It is the Kremlin's realization of the enduring strength and viability of the great industrial democracies that has provided much of the impetus behind its current domestic and foreign policies. And so it would only be through realistic bargaining and not through one-sided concessions that the West could persuade the Soviet leaders that it is not only an agreement on nuclear arms control but a search for genuine world stability that is as much in their interest as in ours.

ADAM B. ULAM

Adam B. Ulam is the director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University.

The Winstoning of America.

CHURCHILL ENVY

"In many ways, you can find in the Churchill writings almost everything, as you can in the Scripture." —Caspar Weinberger, address to the International Churchill Society, Boston, Massachusetts, November 2, 1985.

My first gaffe at the Fifth Annual International Churchill convention in Dallas was mentioning Churchill. "Winston," I soon learned, was how hard-core Churchillophiles referred to the Master, although it could be shortened to "Winnie," or even "WSC," for that extra special intimacy. On special occasions it could even be extended to include all the dynastic details. At the beginning of the second black-tie banquet of the weekend convention, there was a solemn "Invocation." The tuxedo- or uniform-clad guests in the ballroom suddenly hushed. An intense expression came over the cherubic face of the lay pastor who presided. Heads temporarily bowed, we called upon "Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill" to "make us worthy of his example" in the fight for freedom around the world.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into Poland, Churchill, it seems, is coming back. The International Churchill Society is now five years old, and heading for over 1,200 members worldwide. About a thousand are Americans. Along with a Churchill Literary Foundation, there are plans for a Center for Churchill Studies and a computerized Bible-style concordance to everything Churchill either wrote or said. There are even hopes for a Churchill Oratory Prize. Recently, however, it ran into difficulties. Richard Langworth, chairman of the board of the International Churchill Society, explained: "I suggested we give it to Jesse Jackson, but I was hooted down."

But Churchillism extends beyond the ranks of the amateur Anglophiles. In its deadlier political manifestations, it amounts to a neurosis of the great and not-so-good. Call it Churchill-envy, the mysteriously endemic desire to smoke big cigars, wage wars against Nazis, and dictate to your secretary in the nude. Gary Hart, with his customarily unerring sense for the sublime, came out as a Churchillian a few years ago at a conference at Churchill's former wartime base in Ditchley, England. He was found in a bath at the end of the day, smoking a cigar and drinking brandy.

Just a coincidence? He's not the only one. The Sultan of Brunei has constructed a private museum of Churchill artifacts just in case the Luftwaffe makes a surprise return swoop. One of the first actions of the Reagan administration was to hang a picture of Churchill at the center of the White House Situation Room. Caspar Weinberger, America's greatest Churchill freak, has one of the most extensive Churchill libraries in the world. William Sessions, new head of the FBI, sees Churchill as his mentor. The Nobel Prize-winning president of Costa Rica, Oscar Arias, counts Churchill as one of his supreme heroes.

UNFORTUNATELY, none of them made it to Dallas. The convention began on Friday afternoon with high tea. It was followed by a banquet, crammed with a weird mix of World War II veterans, earnest young military types in uniform, and a bevy of women in bouffant hairdos and large sequined dresses. There was the diminutive pastor who whipped out a ten-inch cigar during the speeches; Bill and Sue Truax who run the Iowa chapter and specialize in making English trifle; and an Ollie North look-alike with a big, gold tiepin the shape of Winston's profile. I sat next to a man from Kentucky called Bob who talked endlessly about his faculty club and the wonders of Mrs. T., and a Canadian veteran who now sold post-natal products in Toronto. The organizer apologized for the large number of Americans in the quiet tones of someone diagnosing a disease: "We're all a little, well, you know, *Anglophile*, I suppose. We can't help it."

According to the society's records, among current members of the International Churchill Society are Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee; John Lehman, former secretary of the Navy; and Senator Robert Packwood. Not that membership exhausts the avenues for Churchill-envy. Oliver North quoted Churchill in the Iran-*contra* hearings (in wartime, truth has to be protected by a "bodyguard of lies") and Ronald Reagan hopelessly misquoted him at his mother-in-law's funeral ("meeting her was like opening a bottle of champagne"). According to a computer scan of recent national journalism, William Safire has a Churchill-reference rate of one every four columns. *Fortune* magazine recently surveyed the libraries of the nation's chief executive officers and found Churchill to be among the two or three most popular authors.

Even the Soviets are joining in. General Maksynov, Soviet deputy minister of defense, recently began a speech

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DRAWING BY KEITH BENDIS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

defending Soviet foreign policy with the words: "Whenever I come across such distortions of the truth, I recall a statement by Winston Churchill." Others are not quite as brazen in their appropriation. Robert McFarlane showed exemplary modesty earlier this year: "I suppose it's a pretentious thing to say, but I have to think about people who have overcome apparent near-catastrophic difficulty, from Jefferson to Churchill . . . but I think the similarity probably ends there." A Nexis survey of leading American newspapers revealed 1,200 Churchill references in the last nine months alone. The only hope is E. D. Hirsch's discovery that over half of America's children don't know who Churchill was. But according to a recent story in the *Los Angeles Times*, that can't last. Churchill is one of the key figures American parents use as role models for their offspring. One Wyoming parent was reported bucking up his kids with: "You're a good person, you're a winner. Everybody has setbacks—look at Churchill, at Gandhi, at Jesus Christ."

But Churchill-envy has more than just a pedagogical bent. Among the more self-important, it connects with a Wilderness Years ethic, and a recurring equation of the Soviet-American relationship with the battle against Nazi Germany. The wane of conservative influence in Washington and the damp seam of détente now seeping through the administration have given conservatives their first major crack at being Churchill since Jimmy Carter wet-kissed Leonid Brezhnev. Congressmen like Jim Courter from New Jersey aren't going to let it pass them by. As Mrs. Wendy Reeves, a benefactress of the Churchill Literary Foundation, said at the banquet, stroking Courter's tuxedo-clad bicep: "You can feel Jim's a leader, you can. He's such a big man, he is." Courter is indeed the exception among Churchill buffs. He's more than five feet six inches tall.

At the banquet, Courter lashed into the administration for its Munich-like cowering, "drunk with the nectar of *glasnost*": "It was conservatives who were in power in Britain before World War II, and it is conservatives who are in power now," he warned. Courter had not become the representative from New Jersey to preside over the liquidation of Cruise and Pershing. If the House Armed Services Committee lasted for a thousand years, men would still say his *Policy Review* piece was his finest hour. It's called—à la Winnie—"The Gathering Storm." You soon get the drift:

> But an empire—even an empire that spans 12 time zones from the River Elbe to the Sea of Japan and the Bering Straits—expands only in stages. It will expand again when it is ready. It will expand again unless it is defeated. . . . In the meantime, as the storm gathers, the budget cuts continue in Britain and Belgium. The latter is letting its air defenses wither with age. There is not even fuel for the adequate training of Belgian pilots, or adequate practice ammunition and warm uniforms for Belgian troops in Germany.

Courter is not the only one concerned about warm uniforms for brave little Belgians. Weinberger was introduced by a miraculously straight-faced Richard Lang-

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worth at a recent International Churchill Society function as follows:

> I cannot help but be struck by the similarities in the careers of Winston Churchill and Caspar Weinberger. Both served with distinction in the army . . . both wrote articles and book reviews for the press. . . . In government, both strove hard for economy: Mr. Churchill as . . . chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Weinberger as California director of finance, and later as director of the Office of Management and Budget. And I understand that the secretary is still economizing today.

Well, not quite. But he's in favor of Star Wars, the key totem of the neo-Churchillians' political agenda. In a recent edition of *Finest Hour*, the International Churchill Society's quarterly bulletin, Courter has an article on "Sir Winston's Wisdom and SDI." It draws an explicit link between Churchill's support of radar against bomber raids and Reagan's support of Star Wars. To read the article you'd think that nuclear weapons hadn't been invented. Bracing himself to his duty, Courter blithely links 1930s fatalistic opposition to defense against *conventional* bombers with "our contemporary doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction."

The role Star Wars plays in all this is relatively simple: it makes the world safe for conventional war. It's at this point that Churchill-envy turns into something a little more contrived. At bottom, it's also Hitler-envy: the powerful psychological desire to have a simple enemy and a simple means with which to oppose him. Of course, this is never stated explicitly. In President Reagan's eulogy at Weinberger's send-off, the analogy is deliberately vague: "I've occasionally called Cap 'My Disraeli.' But as I think of him and the service he's given the nation in the cause of freedom and peace, more than anyone else it's Churchill who comes to mind." He quotes Churchill on the call of "great causes . . . beyond space and time, which, whether we like it or not, spells duty." The "great causes" remain unspecified. Does Reagan really mean the fight against Hitler? Or the maintenance of British rule over India?

But for the neo-Churchillians history is more an object of desire than analysis. For those stricken with Hitler-envy, no one will ever quite replace the thrill of 1938. Other considerations, such as the obscure fact that today's more complex world has avoided the simple slaughters of the first half of the century, don't figure. Take a recent editorial in *National Review*, which draws a direct parallel between containing Hitler and negotiating the maelstrom of the Iran-Iraq war: "These Democrats are in a fairy-castle world where defense spending is wasteful and foreign policy an indulgence. . . . Winston Churchill watched Britain sink into that delusion in the 1930s: 'I have watched this famous island descending incontinently, fecklessly, the stairway which leads to a dark gulf.' Defend the Persian Gulf or descend into Churchill's gulf. The former is painful, the latter is worse." As Bob from Kentucky put it to me over the beef Wellington: "You see, things were simple back then, during the war: there was good and evil, black and white. You knew where you were."

Even if the thesis worked perfectly as a historical parallel, it would still rest on a reading of only part of Churchill's record: the 1930s. Churchill's strategic view, once nuclear weapons had been invented, sits uncomfortably with the SDI pushers. He was a clear supporter—indeed, one of the intellectual founders—of Mutual Assured Destruction, precisely the doctrine the neo-Churchillians wish to abolish. "I have sometimes the odd thought," Churchill said in 1961, "that the annihilating character of these dread agencies may bring an utterly unforeseeable security to mankind." Nine years earlier he had remarked, "Moralists may find it a melancholy thought that peace can find no nobler foundations than mutual terror. But for my part, I shall be content if these foundations are solid."

Still, the Churchillization of SDI goes on. At Weinberger's farewell, an aide gave him a framed version of Churchill's dictum: "Never give in, never, never, never, never—in nothing great or small, large or petty." The reference to SDI was clear: a link that doesn't please everyone. "I don't think it's good to draw parallels between Reagan and Baldwin," says fellow Churchill-freak Frank Gregorsky, editor of *The House Republican*, "It will only split the party, but the radar thing is credible as a historical parallel, and as a marketing tool for SDI, it's brilliant."

His enthusiasm is understandable. For hard-core neo-Churchillians, the coming Wilderness Years of détente and Democratic ascendence in Washington are the greatest boon since Hitler marched into the Sudetenland. They can hardly wait. They will fight in New Jersey, they will fight on the boards of *Commentary* and *Policy Review*, they will fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the media, they will defend their continent, whatever the cost may be. They will never surrender. In the battle of Churchill-envy, you get the creeping suspicion that this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. It is merely, perhaps, the end of the beginning.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

The squeeze on Aquino.

DEBT TO DEMOCRACY

WHEN THE Marcos regime was deposed, it left a legacy of devastation that statistics alone can hardly convey: an economy that had shrunk by more than ten percent in real terms; income levels per capita that had fallen by 15 percent to levels of ten years previous; industry operating at less than half of capacity; and 59 percent of families with incomes below poverty level, up from 49 percent in 1972. Around 190 children were dying daily from the most simple childhood diseases, with more than 100 of them succumbing to immunizable ailments. And a growing number of the survivors were forced into child prostitution, since the main family breadwinners could not find employment.

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All this in a country that barely two-and-a-half decades before was second only to Japan in the Asia-Pacific region. Looming over this was a foreign debt that had ballooned from $2.7 billion in 1972 to over $28 billion in 1986, an amount equivalent to 90 percent of the country's gross national product requiring 61 percent of its merchandise exports for debt servicing. This debt, accumulated by the Marcos government, resulted more in personal gain for the dictator and his cronies than in an increase of the country's productive capacity.

With the installation of a democratic government came the admiration and sympathy of the world. Appraisal missions, review missions, fact-finding missions were sent in a flurry of activity. But when the dust cleared, the Philippines was still left with the prospect of having to pay out to its creditors in the next six years $16.5 billion *more* than it would be expecting in financial assistance. At a time when the Philippines needs fresh infusions of resources from abroad to repair the devastation, it is being required to send these resources abroad, in hemorrhagic proportions. For 1986 and 1987 everyone highlighted the fact that the country would be receiving $2.7 billion in aid. No one paid attention to the glaring fact that it would at the same time be paying out $5.7 billion to creditors.

THIS anomalous situation can be traced to the fact that the debt-management strategy of the creditor nations has only two focal points: (1) the size of the government deficit; and (2) the balance of payments. Both of these must be adjusted to accommodate debt servicing no matter what the consequences in the debtor country. This means that fiscal revenues have to be raised no matter from what source, or expenditures have to be reduced—excepting the expenditures on foreign debt service, of course.

There is thus a direct link between the recent traumatic events of my country and this traditional strategy. The transport strike, for example, was an expression of general dissatisfaction with hikes in gas prices that would have made premium gasoline sell for $1.52 a gallon. This may not sound like much, but in a country where the minimum wage is less than three dollars a day, it is significant. Fifty percent of that retail price goes to import duties on crude oil and domestic taxes on the product that are far higher than those for other products in order to provide the revenues our creditors demanded.

But what about our internal structural reforms, such as keeping tariffs and other business taxes low in order to spur the economy? They must implicitly take a backseat. Otherwise, our deficit levels would be too large, and our "creditworthiness" would come into question. Anyone who dared to suggest that deficits could be reduced by decreasing our expenditures on debt service rather than the productive portions of the budget was treated as if a victim of mental deficiency or radical tendencies. In other words, although everyone paid lip service to internal reforms as a necessary condition for recovery and growth, these had to be sacrificed in order to meet external obligations as demanded by the conventional debt strategy.

The result of this distorted set of priorities was to burden further an already overburdened populace, which then became vulnerable to inflammatory statements by extreme elements from the right and left: strike one against stability and democracy.

In the case of the failed coup attempt, you have a soldiery that is paid less than $100 a month for risking their lives to keep the nation secure. From this amount they have to buy their uniforms, their boots, their rations. The government cannot raise their pay because of competing demands—infrastructure, social welfare, education, health, justice, agriculture, etc.—after the debt-service expenditures have been paid. The plight of an underpaid and underequipped soldiery certainly provided fertile ground for the importunings of the mutineers who had ulterior motives: strike two against stability and democracy.

THE COUNTRY is now reeling from these events and their aftermath: all for the lack of an alternative debt-relief plan, which could give democracy a chance to rebuild. It is not as though there are no models to follow. Even Marcos was given five years' respite from debt repayment between 1978 and 1983. Corazon Aquino has not been given a month. An international version of the provisions of Chapter 11 of the U.S. Bankruptcy Code would help, or at the very least the kind of package that was granted to Indonesia in the late 1960s. A corrupt government and a civil war had left Indonesia on the verge of bankruptcy and with an inflation rate of over 1,000 percent. When the Suharto government took over, Indonesia was granted a three-year grace on *all* principal and interest payments, with the latter not being compounded. Later, under the aegis of creditor governments, Indonesia was granted a package that represented substantial debt relief and offered great flexibility for the country.

The deal given to Indonesia had the necessary ingredient of significant debt relief, rather than just postponing payments with the interest compounded. Debt relief could take several forms as long as it reduces the present value of the contractual obligations of the debtor countries. Examples would be interest rates that are below market, some condonation of principal, and a repurchase of debts by the debtor country at below par.

The time has come to cut through the forest of dangerous delusions created by conventional debt strategy: the delusion that "new money" represents fresh resources to the debtors, when in fact any loans received are significantly less than the amount the debtor nation is paying out; the delusion that debtor countries are treated on a "case-by-case" basis, and there are no cartel-like relationships among the creditors; the delusion that debt relief would cripple the international financial system, when studies have shown that such risks are very slight, if they exist at all. This last is the most pernicious delusion, because the hypothetical risk to the commercial banks is

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being put ahead of the very obvious and tangible risks to fragile democracies.

It is an indication of the strength of purpose of the Filipino people that despite all attempts at destabilization, they have steadfastly aligned themselves with democracy. Our otherwise successful internal structural reforms, the underlying strength of our small- and medium-scale enterprises, and the natural resilience of a courageous people resulted in a turnaround of the economy with a five percent annual real growth rate in the first half of 1987. This is a beginning of recovery, but it is obviously not enough. That five percent growth is from the depths of the Marcos-era depression. And that growth is below target. The Philippines will need at least 6.5 percent growth every year until 1991 just to recapture the real income levels per capita of 1981. At the very best, the Philippines will lose half a generation of economic development. We can no longer risk a single misstep. A future wobble in the economy, much less a downturn, can dash our highest hopes for political and economic recovery. That is the legacy of a debt strategy that protects neither democracy nor even the long-term interests of the creditors themselves.

SOLITA COLLAS-MONSOD

Solita Collas-Monsod is the secretary for economic planning in the Philippines.

Rock for stocks.

PUPPY-AID

ASPEN, COLORADO—CFP AID, last week's rock extravaganza to raise money for impoverished certified financial planners, may have grossed $35 million, promoters say.

The bulk of the proceeds will be used to establish an emergency fund to aid unemployed financial planners hit hard by the collapse of the stock market. The rest will go into a college scholarship fund that will help the children of indigent financial planners get started in less risky professions, such as biogenetics and aerobics.

CFPs are still dazed by the unexpected show of support from rock superstars and their teenage fans.

"I never thought I'd live to see Bruce Springsteen, Run-DMC, and U2 out here jammin' for us white-collar guys," said ruined certified financial planner Marshall Lomax, nursing a light generic Australian wine cooler at yesterday's event.

Spectators agree that the high point of the 24-hour concert occurred when Springsteen ripped into the final verse from his new single, "Born in Connecticut":

On Friday night we used to get real rowdy,
She'd drive her Porsche and I'd drive my Audi;
But now the lights in our condo are dim,
We overinvested in the Pacific Rim;
Born in Connecticut,
I was born in Connecticut . . .

Springsteen, who helped organize the event, said that Americans have been spending too much time worrying about farmers, Africans, and unemployed factory workers lately, and have overlooked the important contributions of such downtrodden white-collar heroes as leveraged buy-out specialists, venture capitalists, marketing directors/public relations coordinators, and financial planners, all of whom have been hammered by a capricious stock market. The Boss did not actually use the word "capricious."

"Folks don't know what's goin' down down where folks are goin' down," said Springsteen through an interpreter. "If dudes on their way up don't look out for dudes on their way down, we'll have a whole nation of dudes moving sideways."

Springsteen performed several selections from his forthcoming album dedicated to the forgotten American upper middle class. "Incident on 52nd St." bemoaned the mass layoffs of CBS employees, while "Park Avenue Freeze-out" is a heartrending portrayal of a young MBA who dies of exposure outside his midtown Manhattan apartment when the building goes co-op and he cannot manage the $3,579 monthly maintenance cost on his $65,000 salary. A duet with John Cougar Mellencamp, called "No Suspenders," eulogized a fired Kidder Peabody broker who can no longer afford to shop at Brooks Brothers.

The second half of the show featured the popular rap group Run-DMC performing on behalf of unemployed black stockbrokers. The group brought the crowd to its feet with the verse:

I used to sell 'em puts;
I used to sell 'em calls;
I used to never make no margin calls;
But when I bought pork bellies, you know what?
Them futures went and kicked my butt.

Finally, a poignant theme of vanished glory was evoked by Springsteen in his final number, when he was joined on stage by Joan Baez, U2, Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, John Denver, Kris Kristofferson, Harry Belafonte, Johnny Cash, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Patti LaBelle, Placido Domingo, Ethiopia, and Willie Nelson for a version of "Racing in the Streets" that concluded with the verse:

My daddy used to go to Paris, France,
On important business trips;
Now he can't even go down to K-Mart
With Japan dumping microchips . . .

Next month, the entourage will travel to New York for Managing Editors/Women's Lifestyle Magazines Aid.

JOE QUEENAN

Joe Queenan is a free-lance writer living in Tarrytown, New York.

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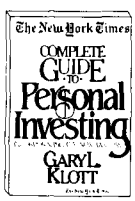

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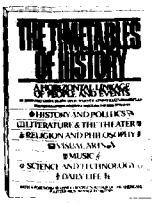

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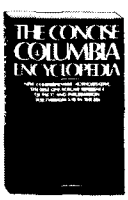

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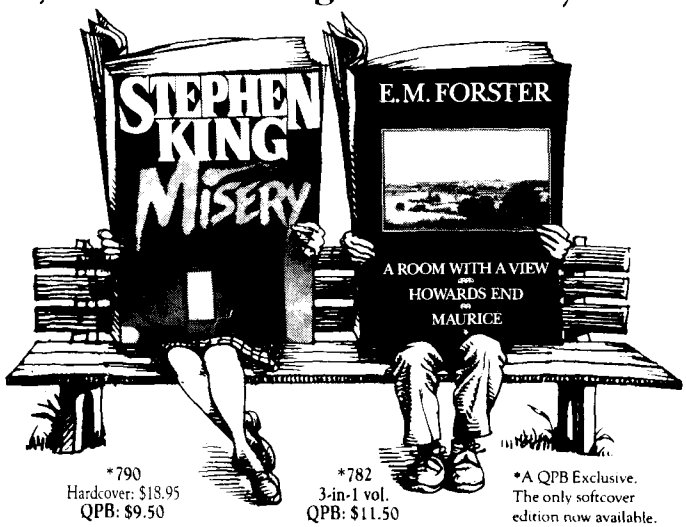

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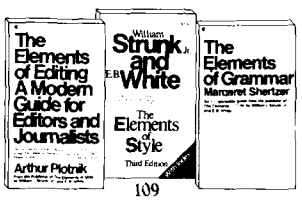
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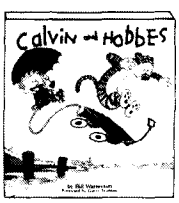

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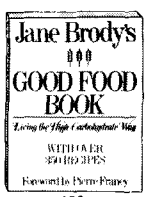

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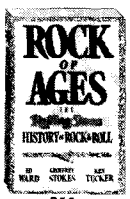

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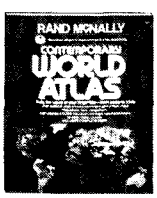

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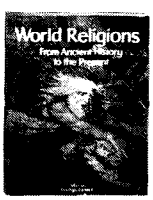

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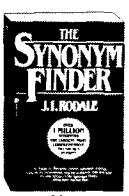

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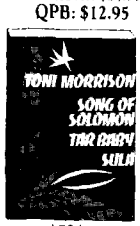

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How a serious young man became a serious candidate.

THE SOUTHERN STRATEGIST

BY MORTON M. KONDRACKE

YOUNG ALBERT GORE pounds away at two principal themes as he makes his tireless way along the presidential campaign trail. One is that the post-World War II era of American dominance is over and the country needs new leadership for the era that is dawning. The other is that the Democratic Party needs a nominee who can carry the South next November and get elected. Even though he is only 39 years old and just a freshman senator, Gore claims to fill both bills. He says he knows exactly where he wants to lead—to a new understanding with the Soviets and economic agreements with U.S. allies that could lead to global economic growth—and that he alone among the six Democratic contenders is sufficiently independent of liberal pressure groups to reach outside the Northeast and amass 270 electoral votes.

It's a plausible case. Gore has demonstrated an ability to master large and complicated problems—nuclear arms control being the foremost example—and in this campaign he has shown a daring strategic sense in deciding to run *against* the Iowa caucus process that drives Democratic candidates inexorably to the left. He does have growing support in the South, where Democratic leaders are tired of seeing state and local candidates dragged to defeat in Republican presidential landslides. Although he is as much a product of St. Alban's School in Washington as of Carthage, Tennessee, he demonstrated on a recent trip to North Carolina and New Orleans a real rapport with Southerners, both black and white. News that he used marijuana as a Harvard student and as a soldier in Vietnam seems to be causing little damage.

And yet, Gore has problems. He *is* young, and at the back of the audiences listening appreciatively to his earnest speeches there is always somebody to be heard muttering, "He'd make a good vice president." On the leadership front, he does seem to have thought through a negotiating agenda with the Soviets, but on economic and domestic policy an opponent might well ask, "Where's the beef?" And politically, he has got to show strength during the first month of the presidential primaries—if not in Iowa, then in New Hampshire, South Dakota, and Wyoming—or his candidacy may be dead before the Southern events on Super Tuesday.

"Strategically brilliant" is the way former Democratic Party executive director Mark Siegel describes Gore's moves this fall in distinguishing himself from his rivals and in turning his probable last-place finish in Iowa into an asset. Gore is hardly a right-winger on defense—he supported the nuclear freeze and he opposes military aid to the *contras*—but in five events in late September and early October he used his differences on a few issues such as support for the Grenada invasion, the reflagging of tankers in the Persian Gulf, and fight-testing of nuclear missiles to make himself out to be a believer in "bargaining from strength." He portrayed his opponents, by contrast, as advocates of "retreat, complacency, and doubt."

In Iowa Gore originally set out to wage a full-scale campaign and built up a paid staff of 21. He says he hoped to attract support from moderate liberals but discovered that the dynamic of the caucus process made that impossible. So on November 7, at the Iowa Democratic Party's big Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, Gore denounced the process, which he says forces candidates to spend too much time and money courting activists and pandering to their political demands. As he noted in an interview, it's a process Iowa Democrats do not use to pick any of their statewide candidates, and it's helped produce presidential candidates who haven't carried Iowa in a general election in 24 years. Then he disclosed that he is cutting his campaign staff down to four and basically will show up in the state only to appear on televised debates. "I expect to finish a strong sixth," he jokes.

Elsewhere in the country, though, opposing the Iowa process is popular with Democratic activists. In Wyoming, which holds a caucus on March 5, state chair Muffy Moore said that Iowa results "impress nobody because Iowa won't support its candidates in the general." Similarly, Florida state chairman Charles Whitehead said, "The Iowa caucuses are the most useless, non-essential thing you can do" and that "what Gore said is absolutely on target."

Ironically, Iowa just may be working in Gore's favor. His main rival for the support of Southern moderates is Representative Richard Gephardt, and in Iowa Gephardt is in danger of finishing third to two liberals, Senator Paul Simon and Governor Michael Dukakis, and of going broke in the process. Gephardt has borrowed $300,000 against federal matching funds due him in January and is likely to go deeper into hock before the February 8 caucuses, limiting his ability to fight in the South. Simon too is borrowing and putting most of his chips into Iowa. Only Dukakis and Gore have money in the bank—$4 million for Dukakis and $1 million for Gore.

Gore and Gephardt are battling over the position of champion of the moderates, who will meet the champion of the liberals, plus Jesse Jackson, in the South on Super Tuesday. The Gore forces brand Gephardt's trade propos-

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al "Smoot-Hawley-Gephardt" and accuse him of pandering to labor, farmers, and other interest groups. They take joy in polls like the CBS-*New York Times* survey that showed Simon ahead in Iowa with 24 percent, Dukakis next with 18, and Gephardt third with 14. The Gore camp also is pleased that Gephardt is being boxed from the left in Iowa even as he is being challenged from the right by Gore in the South.

The Gephardt campaign, meanwhile, is calling Gore a phony hawk whose voting record is practically identical to Gephardt's. Gephardt aides also claim that Gore has no support outside the South, is therefore a "regional candidate," and can't survive until Super Tuesday.

Indeed, says Siegel, "this is Gore's major test. The South won't support a regional candidate. He has to prove before March 8 that he's a national candidate. If he flops during the month before Super Tuesday, he'll be just like Reubin Askew, Fritz Hollings, and John Glenn," who bombed in the South in 1984.

GORE AND his aides concur that he has to "exceed expectations" in New Hampshire and perform creditably in South Dakota or Wyoming. Gore tells audiences, "I am not a Southern candidate. I am a national candidate who happens to come from the South." In New Hampshire a poll by TV station WMUR last week showed Gore with just three percent support, tied for last with Governor Bruce Babbitt. The good news for Gore was that except for Dukakis, with 52 percent, none of the other candidates was out of single digits. Gore just picked up the endorsement of former Senator Thomas McIntyre, an old friend of Gore's father, a former senator, and some leading former supporters of Gary Hart. Gore is hoping that moderates—the voters who made it possible for Jimmy Carter to beat Edward Kennedy in the 1980 primary—will give him at least a third-place finish.

Simon and Gephardt are thought to be strongest now in South Dakota, but in Wyoming Gore has won the endorsement of former Governor Ed Herschler and the chairman of Laramie County, Al Minier. Moore says that "Wyoming is more conservative than Iowa, and Gore has a good chance to win."

If he does make it that far, Gore can score strongly in the South on Super Tuesday, especially if he faces one white liberal, either Simon or Dukakis, plus Jackson. A Harris poll in October showed him running just one point behind Jackson region-wide, 19 percent to 18 percent, with Dukakis and Gephardt trailing at nine percent and six percent. As a University of North Carolina poll showed, however, Gore is the least known of all the candidates, with a name recognition of 36 percent to Jackson's 97 percent.

Right now Gore is gaining fastest among politicians. Gephardt moved out first by winning endorsements from fellow members of the House, but Gore has answered by signing up state legislators and other local pols. In Florida he has been endorsed by 25 state legislators close to House Speaker Jon Mills. In Alabama he has Lieutenant Governor Jim Folsom, House Speaker Jimmy Clark, and 25 state legislators. In North Carolina Gore has 28 legislators, plus top Democratic fund-raisers Wallace and Jeanette Hyde. Former Attorney General and gubernatorial candidate Rufus Edmisten thinks that Gore "is about to break out of the pack," which could happen if he wins support from former Governor Jim Hunt, Senator Terry Sanford, and Lieutenant Governor Robert Jordan. In Texas state party officials say that Gore's progress is all at Gephardt's expense.

On a two-day trip through North Carolina, Gore exhibited an easy rapport with his fellow Southerners, telling gentle jokes about his family's Tennessee roots, showing familiarity and affection for country music, and speaking urgently in a rich accent about the need for a strong defense and the nomination of a presidential candidate who can carry the South. Gore audiences aren't moved to ecstasy, but they respond to him cordially. In New Orleans to address black elected officials from the South, Gore attacked the Reagan record in Baptist pulpit cadence and clearly outperformed Paul Simon, who preceded him and recited a litany of the civil rights bills he'd supported. The officials applauded Simon, but Gore moved them to shouts of "Tell it, brother" and "That's it." Gore has accumulated a small list of endorsements among Southern blacks who say they regard Jesse Jackson as having no chance to win. In states beyond March 8, Gore has collected some key Hart workers in Illinois and Representative Tom Downey in New York.

GORE'S CLAIM to electability is going to have to be augmented by a more detailed spelling-out of his program and vision. In his 20-minute stump speech, Gore will use the word "leadership" as many as 19 times, as in "the challenge we face is to create a new era, but we do not have leadership today. We have a leadership crisis, a vacuum of leadership. . . . We need leadership in education . . . in health care . . . on the great moral challenges of our time."

When asked why he is running for president, and if he isn't daunted by the prospect of being president at age 40, he says: "I know exactly what needs to be done and I am impatient to do it. The key to it is restructuring the U.S.-Soviet relationship and refashioning the economy in a global context. The idea is to redirect money now going into ways of killing people to address the human agenda—fighting diseases, providing education, and protecting the global environment. I think I know how to do that and can lead to that future."

In an interview, he said that he has felt "for a few years" that he was ready to become president in 1989 but doubted he would have a chance. When potential candidates Sam Nunn, Dale Bumpers, and Mario Cuomo declined, he said, and when Southern politicians and moderate national fund-raisers agreed to back him, he decided to go. Youth, he said, is not a factor. In debates with other Democrats, he says, he comes off as their equal, and if nominated he will have equal stature with the Republican nominee. He claims to be absolutely convinced he can beat George Bush on the basis of weakness in the Reagan record and Bush's

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leadership potential. Bob Dole, he says, would be harder. And he professes not to be frightened of Mikhail Gorbachev either: "I would be appropriately cautious and respectful of his abilities, but confident of my own." He says that a young American president just might be able to capture the admiration of young people around the world.

Gore has a long agenda of items to be taken up in negotiation with Gorbachev, starting with elimination of a first-strike nuclear threat by deploying mobile, single-warhead missiles on each side, and reducing tank concentrations in Central Europe. He claims not to be overeager to reach agreements with the Soviets, though he would clearly be disappointed if he failed to do so. "If it's not possible," he said, "I would still be able to go ahead with the rest of my agenda" of economic restructuring.

The candidate's aides promise that he will make a major economic speech on December 3 and in it is likely to blast away at his rivals for more "retreat, complacency, and doubt"—specifically, accusing Gephardt of economic isolationism in the form of protection, Simon of "déjàvoo-doo" economics in the form of government jobs programs, and Dukakis of relying on Massachusetts's economic success as a model for the nation. Aides say he has already assailed Jackson for proposing deep cuts in the defense budget to finance domestic welfare programs.

However, Gore is setting a higher standard for himself than merely distinguishing himself from his rivals. He claims to be trying to think through the issues confronting the world economy as thoroughly as he did nuclear weaponry beginning in 1980—a process that led him to be one of the first advocates of the Midgetman single-warhead missile idea.

Right now Gore can furnish an interesting list of six objectives for international cooperation on economic policy, but it still falls short of a detailed program that would fulfill his promise of "leadership." The list includes agreements to reduce the U.S. budget deficit and expand those of Germany and Japan, stabilize exchange rates and lower interest rates, regulate world commodity trade to lower surpluses and subsidies, and get Japan, Germany, and oth-

TIPPER DE DOO DAH

When Albert Gore Jr. addresses a campus audience, he starts out by recalling that in 1960 the American people chose as their president the youngest man ever to be elected to succeed the oldest. "In 1988, by sheer coincidence," comes the kicker, delivered with a smile both open and conspiratorial, "we have a chance to do exactly the same thing."

Gore is working hard to add one more item to the impressive list of parallels between himself and John F. Kennedy. Like Kennedy, Gore is the heir to a Democratic family dynasty. Like Kennedy, he went to an elite private school and to Harvard, served in his generation's war, and put in time as a reporter before being elected to the House and then to the Senate. He even has the striking blue eyes and the shock of dark hair. Above all, Al Gore is young—three years younger than Kennedy was at the corresponding point in his career.

The difference is that Gore has been totally unable to capitalize on his youth. The question is why. The answer is his wife, Tipper, and her crusade against dirty rock 'n' roll.

To those who read the rock and music trade press, the story of Tipper's conversion, dedication, and service to the cause has by now something of the familiarity of the Gospels. Retold in her book *Raising PG Kids in an X-Rated Society*, that story includes her stunned discovery—listening to her 11-year-old daughter's new Prince album and hearing the word "masturbation"—of "the twisted tyranny of explicitness." It includes her formation, with the wife of Treasury Secretary James Baker, of the Parents' Music Resource Center in May 1985; the gusher of publicity that followed, culminating with packed hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee, of which Al Gore is a member; the attacks on Tipper and her friends as sexually repressed housewives, advocates of censorship, "high-collared prudes trying to Lysol the world." Finally, it includes the agreement in November 1985 between the PMRC and the Recording Industry Association of America, stipulating that record companies would put the label "Explicit Lyrics—Parental Advisory" on albums deemed by them to merit it.

The argument of *Raising PG Kids* is that some rock songs promote and glorify sex, violence, drug-taking, suicide, and satanism (each of which gets a chapter), and, more dubiously, that these musical fantasies cause teenagers to take up the real things. Gore insists over and over that she is against censorship. Yet some of the remedies she does endorse—such as filing petitions with the FCC to block the license renewals of offending stations—walk right up to the line that separates citizen agitation from governmental compulsion. Moreover, the fact that the PMRC's original manifesto was signed by 16 wives of U.S. senators and representatives carried an implicit threat of federal action. The Senate hearing sent a similar message. At the very least, the PMRC's most powerful weapon has been the proximity of its organizers to men of official power.

Like her husband, Tipper Gore has a bark that is worse than her bite. Al Gore is a pro-arms-control, anti-*contra*-military-aid, moderate liberal whose record is measurably less hawkish than the image he has sought to project in recent posturings. Similarly, Tipper is an independent woman whose worries about porn and violence seem informed as much by feminism as by prudery. On the evidence of her book, she is even something of a closet Rolling Stones fan. She argues, for example, that the Stones' album *Their Satanic Majesties Request* and their song "Sympathy for the Devil" are "merely spiritual or literary allusions," an indulgence she withholds from more recent records with Mephistophelian themes. She also writes: "It's a long way from the Rolling Stones' 'Let's Spend the Night Together,' which drew protests in its day, to Sheena Easton's 'Sugar Walls': 'You can't fight passion when passion is hot / Temperatures rise inside my sugar walls.' " But as this snatch of verse demonstrates, "Sugar Walls" is scarcely more explicit than the crashing surf that used to signal lovemaking in Hollywood movies, and is rather less explicit than the very title of the Jagger-Richards classic.

Tipper Gore is surely right that popular culture is replete with images of sex and violence that children are ill-

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er wealthy countries to do "alternative service" by helping poor countries with their development and debt problems while the United States continues to provide for their military security.

What's missing is detail, especially about the painful process of restoring U.S. fiscal balance. Gore will not rule out new taxes and more or less indicates they will be necessary, but he refuses to endorse anything specific. He claims to be preserving his flexibility to respond to unknown economic conditions in 1989 and to bargain with Congress, but suspicions naturally arise that he is afraid of the political consequences of demanding sacrifice.

He says he is not advocating large new expenditures but says he wants America to have "the best education system in the world" and wants several hundred million dollars for AIDS research and low-income housing. He does not envision major new cuts in defense, but says that big savings can be had by eliminating "waste, fraud, and abuse" in federal programs, especially in unnecessary diagnostic tests in hospitals. It may all add up, but that isn't clear yet.

Gore is also considering a major speech in December on family policy, which will give him the opportunity—if he chooses to take it—of saying what he thinks about social issues such as pornography and its effects on children. In interviews, he says he supports his wife Tipper's campaign against filthy records and videos, but some moderates were disappointed by news reports—inaccurate ones, his staff claims—that he backed off this position in a closed meeting with record industry executives in Hollywood. The Gores claim that they merely expressed dissatisfaction with congressional hearings on the issue, not with the campaign to put warning labels on explicit albums.

In his campaign speeches, Gore excoriates President Reagan and George Bush for their "lack of leadership" in addressing the stock market crash. "What would Franklin Roosevelt or Harry Truman have done about that?" he shouts to his audiences. "They would have presented a vision and a plan of action," which Reagan has not. But, so far, neither has Gore.

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equipped to handle, and that some in the entertainment industry use the First Amendment the way a flasher uses a dirty raincoat. But her case is overdrawn. Almost all of her horrendous examples come from a handful of heavy metal groups such as Mötley Crüe and Judas Priest, and from calculated-to-shock interviews in sometimes obscure fan magazines.

How big, really, is the problem of dirty or violent rock songs? According to the PMRC's own figures, 23 record albums have been released with warning labels in the past two years, plus another 16 the PMRC thinks should have carried the labels but didn't. The PMRC says its figures are about 80 percent complete. The bottom line, then, is at most 45 supposedly dangerous rock albums out of perhaps 1,400 released during the same period. That's 3.2 percent—near beer, not Jack Daniels.

"If you read 5,000 fan magazines, you'll find a couple of idiots who'll say something disgusting," says Danny Goldberg, a record executive who has led the counterattack on the PMRC. "But then, I could make a similar case from 5,000 issues of the Congressional Record. I don't judge the Senate and the House of Representatives by that, and I don't expect my business to be judged by Mötley Crüe."

For Al Gore, Tipper's crusade has created a political problem. In terms of its effect on the electorate, the campaign regards the crusade as a wash: it probably attracts as many Southern and conservative Democrats as it repels coastal and liberal ones. The more important cost, observers seem generally to agree, is in the area of fund-raising, where the entertainment industry wields enormous clout. (See "The Hollywood Primary" by Ronald Brownstein, November 23.) It was to ameliorate this problem that the Gores held their famous October 28 lunch with three dozen show-biz bigs, as *Daily Variety*, which somehow got hold of a bootleg tape or transcript, might call them. The checks did not commence to flow, but they weren't expected to.

The real problem Tipper creates for the Gore campaign is more elusive and interesting than money. Al Gore is young, handsome, bright, and charming. His background as an anti-war Vietnam vet and ex-investigative reporter is the stuff of glamour. His record on issues such as arms control and the environment is creative and trendy. By all rights, his campaign should be crackling with generational excitement. Even now, hordes of student volunteers should be signing up to ring doorbells, their eyes shining with eagerness to seize the future. Gore should be riding the baby boom like a surfer. He isn't. The fuss over porn rock has turned his campaign into a Tupperware party.

The dirty song crusade is a smart bomb, a magic bullet aimed at precisely the kind of quasi-erotic energy a brash young candidate must tap. Having a wife who has made herself the surgeon general of rock 'n' roll makes Gore a faintly ridiculous figure, like the Ralph Bellamy character in *His Girl Friday*. In some subtle and no doubt deplorable way, it unmans him. Gary Hart womanized; Al Gore risks being womanized.

Tipper says she's against censorship, but her stock in trade is something hardly more attractive: censoriousness. However reasonable the hedges surrounding the rock porn crusade, the fact remains that of all the thousands of causes in the world, she has chosen this one. Arguably, the job is one that ought to be done. But the prospect that the East Wing of the White House will be turned into a platform for moralistic hectoring about dirty songs cannot be pleasing to much of what should be Al Gore's natural constituency. I suspect many young people are thinking: we can't have sex because of AIDS and we can't have drugs because of Just Say No. Now Tipper Gore is telling us we can't even sing about either of them.

Rock 'n' roll is a great American invention, one of the few things the whole world loves about this country. The Japanese and Koreans will never rock harder than we can. The Gores' humanizing—and hippizing—admission that they smoked pot back in the '60s has done them no harm. Now let them follow up by spending less time tut-tutting Twisted Sister and Black Sabbath and more time praising Bruce Springsteen and Tina Turner. The answer to bad art, after all, is not bad politics. It's good art.

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CLARK(E)
CLARKSON
CLAUSON
CLAUS(S)EN
CLAWSON
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CLAYBORN(E)
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CLAYPOOL(E)
CLA(Y)SON
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CLE(A)VELAND
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CONRAD
CONSTANTINE
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COOK(E)
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CRENSHAW
CRES(S)WELL
CREW(S)
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CROZIER
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CULBERTSON
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DAVENPORT
DAVE(Y)
DAVID(S)
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HEADLEY
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HEDRICK
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HELLER
HELM
HENDERSON

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HENDRICK(S)
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HOLLING(S)HEAD
HOLLINGSWORTH
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HUME(S)
HUMPHREY(S)
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HUNTINGTON
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HU(R)LBU(R)T
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HUSBAND(S)
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HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHIN(G)S
HUTCHI(N)SON
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INGALL(S)
INGE
INGERSOLL
INGHAM
INGLIS
INGRA(HA)M
INNES
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IRBY
IRELAND
IRISH
IRV(IN)E
IRVING
IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
IVES
IV(E)Y
IVINS
JACKMAN
JACK(S)
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
JACQUES
JA(E)GER
JAMES
JAMI(DE)SON
JANES
JANSON
JANSI(S)EN
JAQUES
JARMAN
JARRETT
JARVIS
JAY(E)
JEFF(E)RIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
JEFFREY(S)
JEN(C)K(E)S
JENCKES
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JOHN(S)
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JOLL(E)Y
JOLLIFFE
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JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE
KAI(N)E
KAISER
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KATES
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
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KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
KIDDER
KILBO(U)RN(E)
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KILPATRICK
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KRAUSE
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LYLE(S)
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MABIE
MABR(E)Y
M(A)CARTHUR
MACAULAY
M(A)CCLINTOCK
M(A)CCORKLE
M(A)CDONALD
M(A)DOUGAL(L)
M(A)CFADDEN
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MAIN
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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Past in the Present

Cry Freedom
(Universal)

The Wannsee Conference
(Rearguard)

Predictably, *Cry Freedom* divides viewers into two groups: those who admire it because of the subject and those who say a poor film is being praised because of its subject. I, a true liberal, see merit in both views. I'm glad that the film was made, and made at least this well; but it would be much less effective if it were fiction.

The basic trouble structurally is that it is not fiction. The need to stick to facts fractures the film cinematically. *Cry Freedom* is about Steve Biko, the black South African leader who was murdered in prison in 1977, and Donald Woods, the white newspaper editor who grew to sympathize strongly with Biko and who fled South Africa with his family in order to tell the whole story. Woods's two books are the basis of the film, and to put it callously, they don't make for a good screenplay. Biko dies too senselessly and too early. He virtually invites martyrdom by insisting on a trip to Johannesburg to address students. He uses no kind of evasive action, he simply drives right into a police checkpoint. He is arrested and beaten so badly that he soon dies. The film then has another hour to fill, and the script tries to elevate the escape of the Woods family to the level of Biko's drama. This doesn't work. It couldn't work.

John Briley, who wrote the screenplay of *Gandhi*, had just the reverse problem here. With *Gandhi*, he tried to cram a huge, complex story into three hours and 20 minutes; with *Cry Freedom*, he had to find ways to beef up the account of a pitifully short life. The last hour of this film's 157 minutes is a mechanical thriller, with contrived narrow escapes, with time and place typewritten on the screen at the beginning of each sequence, and so on.

Equally mechanically, Briley writes scenes early in the film in which A tells B something that B already knows so that we can learn it. (Bad marks for this device in Playwriting 101.) However, some of the early dialogue is good terse stuff. Woods, who has tried to hold an impartial editorial line opposed to black racism as well as white, is convinced by some of the rebel's quiet statements that Biko is not a black racist. But the best-written scene is the one in which Woods visits the police commissioner at his home to complain of police vandalism at Biko's community school. The commissioner explains the Boer point of view—a sequence essential to give the film some kind of balance—in terms that seem rational and turn out to be duplicitous.

Scene by scene, that scene certainly included, Richard Attenborough has directed well. (Exception: the ghastly whoop-up music he pasted on the last hour.) The bulldozing of a black shantytown, the sequence—condensed from historical fact—in which police kill black children, as well as many of the intimate scenes, are fluently done, graphic. Other than our first glimpse of Biko standing in back of some boughs with radiance behind him, Attenborough does little filmic canonizing.

As in *Gandhi*, Attenborough has great success with his actors. Denzel Washington, known from "St. Elsewhere," plays Biko with persuasive dignity, with humor. Washington declines the halo and opts for the man. As Woods, Kevin Kline has a relatively bland role—mostly he's pensive or quietly angry—but he keeps it interesting. Penelope Wilton, as Mrs. Woods, is staunch without being tiresome. Two excellent actors make two subordinate roles glow. Zakes Mokae, justly treasured for his work here in several Fugard plays, is winning as a priest. John Hargreaves, the Australian who burned his way through *My First Wife*, is trenchant as a newspaperman who helps Woods to escape.

Biko's perception that a prerequisite of freedom is blacks' raising of their self-esteem—this is made clear and moving. The desperate brutality of the government is also clear, right to the edge of cartoon. (One neat touch: a black detective assigned to watch the Woods home can't sit in the "For Whites Only" bus stop across the street; he has to sit on the ground.) But, heretically, I have to note that this large-scale, self-conscious epic didn't affect me any more than a small 1975 suspense film called *The Wilby Conspiracy*. In a sharply written screenplay by Rod Amateau and Harold Nebenzal, Michael Caine played an apolitical South African who, for plot reasons, has to help an activist, Sidney Poitier, escape the pursuit of Nicol Williamson, a detective. Those three performances, aided by the crisp dialogue, make this modest film persist in the memory more than *Cry Freedom* is likely to do.

The Wannsee Conference is a much stricter historical recreation than *Cry Freedom*. Wannsee is the lovely suburb of Berlin where, in a villa that once belonged to a Jew, Nazi officials met on January 20, 1942, to agree upon and launch the Final Solution. The meeting was chaired by Reinhard Heydrich; there were 14 other

FILMS WORTH SEEING

House of Games. Gambling and other compulsions. David Mamet wrote and directed this seemingly realistic but abstract, imaginative work. First class. (Reviewed 11/16/87)

Manon of the Spring. Not a free-standing film. But as the sequel to *Jean de Florette*, it concludes the two-part story with high 19th-century drama. Yves Montand a grim peasant titan. (11/23/87)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid. The title is much *more* brazen after the film. A fierce, funny, sexy account of Asian and black life in the inner city of London. Written and directed by the makers of *My Beautiful Laundrette*. Unique and strong. (11/30/87)

Theme. Fine directing and acting in this exceptionally candid Soviet film about the midlife crisis of a successful playwright. (10/26/87)

SK

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participants and a secretary. The minutes were preserved, and later they figured in the Nuremberg trials and the Eichmann trial. (Eichmann was prominent in the conference.) Now those minutes have been used as the ground of this screenplay.

Very little has been perceptibly added by the screenwriter, Paul Mommertz—greetings at the door, conversations with telephone operators, that sort of thing. The film runs 90 minutes, which was precisely the duration of the conference before the participants adjourned for lunch. The pace, ably managed by the director, Heinz Schirk, is brisk. The camera movement is alert, observant: the crosscutting, the angles, the circling of the table are always subservient to the flow of the talk, never inserted to make the film "visual." The cast is utterly competent, with Dietrich Mattausch commanding as Heydrich.

The plan for the Final Solution, which in some measure had already begun, met with instant approval from all present. One official had one reservation. He thought that half-Jews ought to be exempted; otherwise, soldiers returning from the front might see their relatives being taken away. This objection was amicably, almost chaffingly, overruled in the interests of a clean sweep. The object was to eliminate all of the 11 million European Jews—a figure that included Jews in countries yet to be annexed, such as England, Ireland, Switzerland, and Spain.

The Wannsee Conference, made in 1984, was initiated by Manfred Korytowski, a German TV producer particularly known for children's programs. The film was partly financed by a German TV group but was broadcast in Germany only after it had been shown in a number of other countries and had won some prizes.

Excepting the board-meeting pleasantries, the tone of the film is cool and businesslike. The conference might have been discussing shipments of cattle or coal. This is the prime point of the film—to reproduce that tone.

The artist and the girl next door.

HEAVILY HYPED HELGA

BY JOHN UPDIKE

ONE MUST APPROACH the Helga exhibition determined to forgive it its hype. Subway riders in Boston, months before the show arrived, were tantalized by a poster saying, "To the world, she has become a sensation. To Wyeth, she was just the girl next door."

What does one do with the girl next door? Why, one falls in love with her and, if one is an artist of a certain stripe, paints and draws her, mostly in the nude, more than 200 times over a period of 15 years, amassing a collection that is then bought by a millionaire collector (Leonard E. B. Andrews, publisher of such pivotal newsletters as *The National Bankruptcy Report* and *The Swine Flu Claim & Litigation Reporter*) with a handshake and the mural-scale remark, "Mr. Wyeth, congratulations, you have created a national treasure, and I want to protect it and show it to the American people. I want the collection." In confirmation of Mr. Andrews's generous estimate, a portrait of Helga adorned simultaneous covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and a show mounted at the National Gallery, with a best-selling catalog introduced by the gallery's deputy director, John Wilmerding, began a continental circuit to museums in Boston, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Detroit.

The nub of the stir that the Helga collection has made is the innuendo, not exactly suppressed by Betsy Wyeth's blaming it all on "Love," that its hitherto unexhibited riches recorded a secret love affair. Not only is Helga Testorf, a Chadd's Ford neighbor of the Wyeths, often nude, but she is frequently painted dozing in a rumpled bed, in a little whitewashed room like that of an olde-tyme motel, or with a black riband around her neck in deliberate echo of the loose lady in Manet's *Olympia*.

That global excitement could be generated by the dim possibility that an ag-

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ing artist had slept with his middle-aged model (Wyeth was 53 when the sequence began in 1971, and Helga was 53 when it ended in 1985) testifies, I suppose, to the lowered sexual expectations of the AIDS era; those of us who were young in the '50s sympathetically remember how a little (a glimpse of Hedy Lamarr's breasts in *Ecstasy*; Brigitte Bardot's bottom in the middle distance of *And God Created Woman*) can be made to go a long way. Idle speculation about the artist and his model predates the tale of Pygmalion and Galatea; the Victorians worried a good deal about the erotic potential of the studio, and Thomas Eakins's painting of the artist William Rush extending a courteous hand to his naked model as she descends from the draped platform is rich with anxiety—his, hers, and ours. But in fact none of the Helga paintings, intensely worked and radiantly real as some are, is quite the sunburst of female glory unveiled by Wyeth's 1969 *Virgin*, of the then 15-year-old Siri Erikson.

HELGA, with her thick braids, heavy features, and sour expression, is somewhat plain, which quickens our titillated suspicions. If she isn't a beauty, why are her clothes off? The Helga pictures also show her, like a Playmate of the Month, engaged in healthy outdoor activities—walking in a loden coat, brooding amid the sticks and dead leaves of Wyeth's customary wintry landscape. The exhibit—set up as if sub rosa in some galleries emptied of their usual Chinese art, while the Boston museum's premier exhibition space, the Gund Gallery, has been given over to a retrospective of the chastely mechanistic Charles Sheeler—has been arranged rather like a striptease, with the penciled head studies and the muffled loden-coat watercolors yielding around a corner to rooms of nudity. Helga's body, first seen when she is 38 and last when she is over 50, is a remarkably firm one, and in many of its representations might be that of a young girl. And perhaps that sufficiently explains her charm for the artist.

The mood of the portraits is elusive. Often deadpan Helga is not so much there as her hair is there, braided or free-flowing or cut in a pageboy, each glowing filament laid on, in the more finished works, in painstaking tempera or drybrush—a miracle of eyesight if not of mimesis. "What's drybrush?" art-viewers kept asking each other the day I viewed the show. It is a technique whereby a watercolor brush is squeezed almost dry to produce a fine, opaque line. Wilmerding's introduction relates how Wyeth was captivated by this technique in the work of Albrecht Dürer, and Helga in *Sheepskin* does look eerily Düreresque—flattened and enameled and darkened as if by centuries. But Dürer's virtually microscopic rendering of a hare's coat, or of the grasses in a piece of turf, has about it the Renaissance exhilaration of recovering the physical world: not for a thousand years had things seemed so interesting in themselves; never, before Dürer and Leonardo, had reality been so exactly captured in drawing. With a late-20th-century artist such as Wyeth, such close and avid rendering of hair, fur, thready sweaters, and eyelashes—in hyperfinished, minutely mottled paintings like *Braids* and *The Prussian* even the skin looks reconstructed, squamous cell by squamous cell—amounts to a knowing defiance, one underlined by the broad and scrubby contrasting sections that seem to say, "I can be abstract too!" The catalog chapters are headed by remarks that, however extracted from Wyeth, seem here a bit self-serving and apologetic. "I honestly consider myself an abstractionist. . . . My people, my objects, breathe in a different way; there's another core—an excitement that's definitely abstract." The slashes of daylight behind the figure in *Drawn Shade* could have come from a Franz Kline, and two of his finest reclining nudes (*Black Velvet*, supine, and *Nudes*, prone) float in a pure mess of dark brown brush strokes.

OF COURSE, dashingly rough rendering toward the edges is an old magazine illustrator's trick, and it is Wyeth's ties, filial and sentimental, to the tradition of commercial illustration that incite such vehement scorn among aesthetic arbiters like Hilton Kramer, Henry Geldzahler, and, more politely, Robert Hughes. In the heyday of abstract expressionism, the scorn was simple gallery politics; but resistance to Wyeth remains curiously stiff in an art world that has no trouble making room for photorealists like Richard Estes and Phillip Pearlstein and graduates of commercial art like Wayne Thibault, Andy Warhol, and, for that matter, Edward Hopper. We resent broody poses in Wyeth and accept them from Hopper, perhaps because there is a glamorizing touch in a Wyeth painting like *In the Orchard* and none in a Hopper like *Morning Sun*, or because broodiness feels more excusable in Hopper's urban than in Wyeth's rural settings. Nevertheless, the two men are close—close in their loyalty to American landscape and in their interest in the dramatics of light—and posterity may wonder how one could be so "in" and the other so "out."

At the exhibition, my own pleasure did diminish whenever I felt Wyeth was trying to tell me a story, as with the tricky little illumined spillage through the window above the sleeping nude in *Overflow* (she is dreaming of overflow? she has just been overflowed into?), or when he was using light theatrically (*Night Shadow; Sun Shield*), or when he dressed Helga up in costumes like a doll (*Peasant Dress; Crown of Flowers*). Wyeth has, I think, an intense and individual enough relation to his visual material not to need to toy with it. A painting like *Farm Road*, for instance, with its massive, shining back of Helga's braided head bluntly centered in a scratchy brown monotone beneath a tilted horizon and a fused clump of pines, wins an expressionistic strangeness not from any anecdotal overtones but from the absorbed way it is painted. Here, and elsewhere, something has been released by Helga's turning her back. The liveliest portraits in the show, the ones that least effortfully deliver a sense of spirit in a face, are a few of Helga's preadolescent daughter; the girl has an elfin skewed look the artist deftly captures, relieved of his chronic subject's enigmatic gravity.

THE SHOW mounts less than half of Andrews's national treasure, yet even so it seems somewhat thin and repetitious; my fellow viewers, having been satisfied as to what drybrush is, politely stooped toward each fragmentary sketch like salesmen dutifully knocking on a row of unopening doors. Yet the high points do represent, it seems to me, an expansion of Wyeth's artistic ambition, and should expand his reputation beyond that of a dryly meticulous renderer of dead grasses, barn walls, and withered country characters.

My personal method for locating high points is a simple one: the covetousness test. Would I want to own it and see it daily? A number of the pencil sketches met that test—the entire *Asleep* sequence and the studies for *Overflow*, *Black Velvet*, and *Barracoon* have a cumulative power as Helga driftingly turns this way and that. The pose (or fact) of sleep somehow lifts these nude studies beyond both academic and

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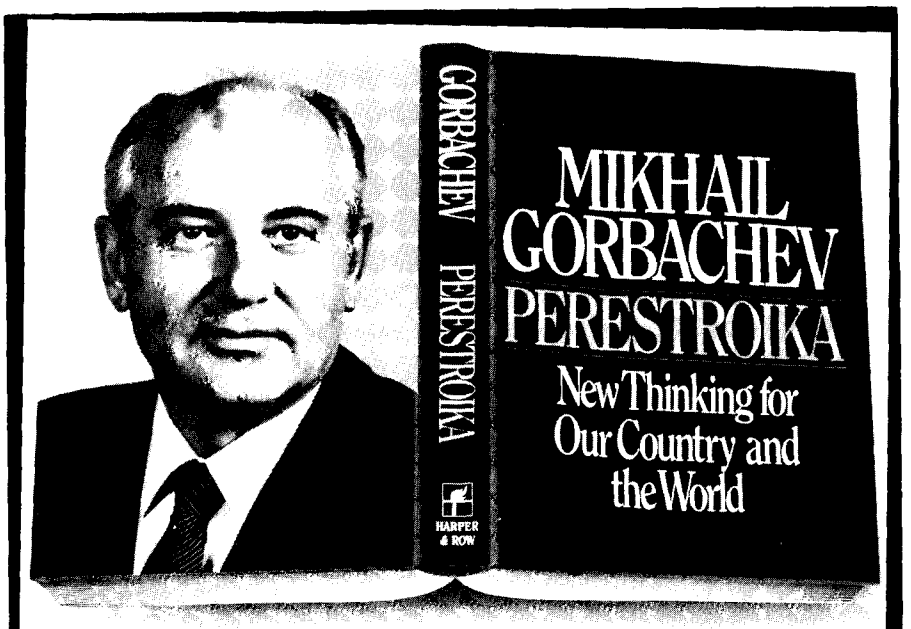
erotic anxiousness and irradiates their physical intimacy with auras from the realm of Blake and Jung. We sense here what Wyeth means when he says, "I enter in a very focused way and then I go through it." Of the other pencil works, the very first sketch of Helga, in profile, has an unforced nobility, and in those posed with the dog Nell the dog's company lends her face an unusual expression of amusement. Here, and in Nos. 116 and 129 of the sleeping model, the sometimes staid linear precision is animated by a visible scribbling, an energy in the pencil.

OF THE more or less finished paintings, *Black Velvet* seemed to me a triumph: a long nude, white as lightning, floats in black space, an American Venus with something touchingly gawky in her beautifully rendered big bare feet, bent elbow, and clenched hands. That is what Winslow Homer's maidens would have looked like beneath their calico. Looser in rendering, yet more plausibly afloat on an inflated plastic raft, in what seems a very muddy pond, is a nude in the saucy bottoms-up position of a Boucher; this, and the larger and more finished watercolor titled *From the Back*, possess what is often absent from Wyeth's showpieces—a sense of massiness, of sculptural shadow, and of potential motion. *From the Back* catches a rough-hewn goddess as she swingingly strides into a darkness that swallows her arm. Both these, and the perhaps slightly too monumental *Lovers*, were done in 1981, and display an unfussy confidence with the nude, and an underlying humor, that Wyeth achieved over his instinctive dryness.

The finished *On Her Knees* (an erotically charged pose that he has used several times elsewhere) seems to me to suffer from this dryness, a studied chalky glamour, but in the same series the headless, breastless, armless abdomen, with its honestly thick waist and tangled pubic hair thrusting flamelike above a phallic shadow, confronts us—affronts us, even—with iconic directness. And the painting *Barracoon* (a word for slave barracks suggested by Betsy Wyeth, and also produced in a version where the sleeping woman has been colored black) is as lovely as its pose is perennial, as delicate as an Ingres slave and more subtle, in its hippy rhythm, than the often-reproduced reclining nude by John Trumball.

The nudes are what make the show



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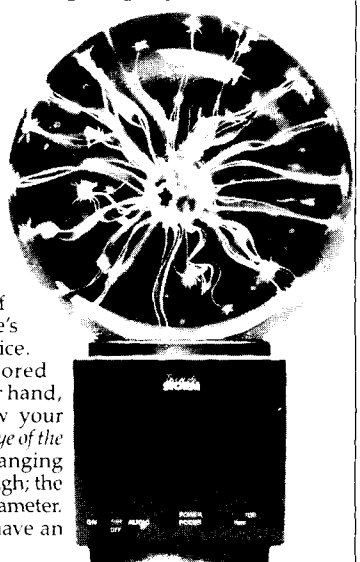

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sensational, and also what make it worthwhile. They significantly add to a central, indeed primeval, genre rather undernourished in America, where the menace and the sadness of naked flesh have impressed artists as much as its grandeur and allure. When all the hype has faded, and Leonard Andrews has got his (to cite the rumored purchase price) ten million dollars' worth of exposure, Wyeth's 15 years of friendly interest in Helga should leave a treasurable residue.

THE IMPERFECTIONIST

The Morality of Freedom by Joseph Raz

(Oxford University Press, 435 pp., $59)

In philosophical arguments about freedom, the protagonists come before us neatly labeled: positive and negative. It's only a little confusing that in Anglo-American political culture the value of the two is commonly reversed; positive freedom is ranked negatively, while negative freedom has positive connotations. Negative freedom, most happily evoked by Isaiah Berlin, is the credo of liberal individualism; it describes a life without external hindrance, in which I choose "freely" among the available options. Positive freedom, defended by the latter-day disciples of Rousseau, suggests an anti-liberal (but otherwise indeterminate) politics, where external hindrance is taken for granted, and I choose among "worthwhile" options or join with other people in determining what our options ought to be.

The first is freedom from an outside world that regularly conspires to rob us of our choices. The second is freedom to act in certain ways within this world. The first presupposes a sovereign or at least semisovereign person, disconnected from his options, weighing their costs and benefits, rationally constructing a career or "life plan." The second presupposes a highly socialized person, who shares sovereignty with other people, and whose career is shaped by understandings and valuations that he also shares and can only reflect on and revise but not choose or reject.

The positive/negative distinction draws a strong line, but men and women involved in serious political arguments don't stand in ordered ranks on one or another side. A very considerable gray area has opened up, a middle ground, and there most of us wander about, philosophically confused and disconsolate. Liberals have come increasingly to recognize that options are socially shaped, and that the democratic right to participate in the shaping is genuinely valuable; no liberal state today limits itself to hindering the hindrances to individual choice, or stands absolutely neutral among available options. And critics of liberalism within liberal societies are unlikely to deny the importance of protecting people like themselves against the unwelcome attention of zealous officials. Without a little space for individual choice, how could they function as critics?

Joseph Raz, who teaches the philosophy of law at Oxford, has written about these matters before, mostly as a critic of other people's work. In *The Morality of Freedom* he offers a theory of his own. I suggest that we think of it as a theory for the gray area, a set of arguments about the value of the middle ground. That doesn't make it a gray theory in Goethe's sense—

> All theory, dear friend, is gray
> But the golden tree of actual life
> springs ever green,

—since actual life is lived mostly in the gray area. That's where the action is, and Raz's arguments seem designed to accommodate the action.

His arguments are resolutely liberal in their thrust, but they incorporate a number of doctrines usually thought of as hostile to liberalism. Raz is, he tells us, anti-individualist and opposed to the neutral state; his theory is "perfectionist," which is to say that it holds the state responsible for improving upon the attitudes and projects of its members. Maybe paradox is inevitable in the gray area; in any case, Raz is a master of paradox. His central value is personal autonomy, "self-creation," but he argues against the individualist view that created selves are the only or ultimate repositories of value. He values persons because they are moral agents capable of creating themselves, but he insists that agency in any effective sense is more a social product than a personal attribute. He believes that the socially produced options among which individuals choose are (mostly) incommensurable, but he wants a perfectionist state to sponsor the most worthwhile options and even, sometimes, to disqualify others.

How is all this possible? Some of it is more a matter of philosophical ingenuity than of insight. But mostly Raz's arguments are a valuable guide to the complexities of contemporary social and political life. I am not sure why he wants to call himself an anti-individualist; his reasons for doing so won't be persuasive to ordinary readers. He argues that institutions, practices, and ways of life (and not only individual persons) can be "intrinsically good." But it turns out that these things are intrinsically good, in the interesting cases, only because they are "constituent of " the well-being of individuals. For Raz, it is individual men and women who really count. He never suggests that the well-being of one of them is "constituent of " a collective or communal good. Personal autonomy is his core value; it is what he means by "freedom." The perfectionist state is the servant of autonomous persons.

I don't mean to suggest that Raz's concessions to collectivist and communitarian understandings of moral life are unimportant. They amount to a recognition that autonomous persons, capable of self-creation, are not themselves self-created. Autonomy is a social product, and we must cultivate the institutions and practices that make it possible. But we can only cultivate particular institutions and practices—there is no such thing as random cultivation—and so the actual social product will always be a particular kind of autonomous person: *one of us*.

He or she will have a particular view of what it means to pursue a career, for example, and also of what sorts of careers are worth pursuing. Autonomous persons have choices to make, obviously, or else they could not exercise their autonomy. But they choose within a range, and the range is no more natural than the persons are. It too is a social product, and we can expand or constrict it, within limits, without damaging autonomy.

Raz is a pluralist: he wants the range

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to be wide. The politics of perfection is not for him a politics of uniformity (as Michael Oakeshott thought it always would be). Institutions and practices—"social forms" is Raz's general term—are good in many different ways, and they are largely incommensurable. We do, nonetheless, make collective as well as individual choices among them, and the critical (though not the only) measure of collective choice, according to Raz, is personal autonomy itself. We should choose social forms, and set the range of forms, by asking whether institutions and practices help or harm individuals, increase or decrease their capacity for reasoned choice, enhance or degrade the meaningfulness of their options.

TO PUT the questions this way allows for positive as well as negative freedom, and so for a state that is sometimes activist—which Raz's "perfectionism" seems, indeed, to require. He rejects libertarian limits on state action, recognizing that these are likely to serve the autonomy of the few rather than the many. The greatest autonomy of the greatest number: that would seem to be his governing maxim, though he doesn't explicitly affirm it and would probably be wary of its echo of utilitarianism and its implications for political decision-making.

He would not, for example, permit gross violations of one person's autonomy for the sake of the greatest number of others. On the one hand, he won't be "obsessive" about avoiding coercion; on the other hand, he means to justify only moderate forms of state action, encompassing familiar social-democratic practices. Under modern conditions, he believes, autonomy requires public education, redistributive taxation, welfare provision, and so on, and the coercion that these require is justified because it serves the cause of autonomy generally.

This is perfectionism within limits. One might well call it imperfectionism. It is still different, though, from the politics of anti-perfectionism, which would deny that the state can pursue any good ends at all. The truth is that Raz, like all genuine liberals, distrusts the state; political fallibilism is the steady undercurrent of all his arguments. States are likely to do whatever they do badly, and so we must set strict boundaries to what they are able to do.

But these boundaries are largely provisional and experimental; they are not generated by a list of absolute rights marking off individual space from social

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■ Israel is the only genuinely democratic state in the Middle East. It is committed to freedom and equality, and the rule of law. It embodies the fundamental values that are in tune with those of America and that America has traditionally supported.

■ Israel's military and political importance in the Middle East and its strategic position stabilize that entire area, including the oil fields of the Persian Gulf. It is a bulwark against the inroads of the Soviet Union. It is a most reliable partner in the promotion of Western strategic interests and in the stabilization of the Middle East. 25% to 30% of its budget goes for defense, compared to 7% in the U.S. and less than 1% in Japan. Israel has one of the best armies in the world. Its navy and air force are the major deterrent forces in the eastern Mediterranean against Soviet intrusion.

■ Israel effectively secures NATO's southeastern flank, without having a single American soldier stationed in its territory. Still, the superb military installations, the air and sea lift capabilities, the equipment and food storage capacity, and the trained manpower to maintain and repair sophisticated U.S. equipment are instantly at hand in Israel. It is the only country in the area that makes itself available to the United States, in any contingency. It is the only country in the entire Mediterranean basin area that has consented to the installation of Voice of America transmitters on its territory.

■ There is no other country in the Middle East except Israel that can be considered to have a stable government or populace friendly to the United States. There is much danger that any military aid to Arab countries, and military equipment given or sold to them, will suffer the same fate as the untold billions of dollars and priceless military secrets that were lost to our enemies in the debacle of Iran. Is Saudi Arabia more stable? Egypt? Jordan? Iraq? Kuwait? Judge for yourself!

■ Only a fraction of the aid given stays in Israel. By far the largest share remains in the U.S., where it is spent with American defense contractors. Peter McPherson, administrator of the Agency for International Development, estimates that every billion dollars of aid to Israel creates 60,000 to 70,000 jobs in the United States.

■ Compared to the $1.8 billion yearly military aid to Israel, the U.S. contributes on the order of $130 billion(!) every year to the defense of Europe and about $30 billion to the defense of Japan, Korea and the Far East. 340,000 U.S. troops are stationed with NATO and 30,000 U.S. troops in the Far East. In contrast, not one single U.S. soldier needs to be stationed and put at risk in Israel. U.S. military analysts estimate that the U.S. would have to spend the equivalent of $150 billion a year in the Middle East to maintain a force equivalent to Israel's.

There are many other benefits that the U.S. military derives from Israel. Israel is the only country that has gained battlefield experience with U.S. weapons. This experience is immediately conveyed to the U.S. Enormous quantities of captured Soviet weapons and defense systems are turned over to the U.S. military for analysis. Israel, in the light of its experience, continually modifies U.S. weapons systems. For instance, Israeli scientists have made over 200 improvements in the F-15 alone. It would be more in line with reality if military aid to Israel were classified as "defense" rather than as "aid". President Reagan said it well: "The fall of Iran has increased Israel's value as perhaps the only remaining strategic asset in the region on which the United States can fully rely". American aid to Israel is a two-way street. Aid to Israel is America's greatest defense bargain.

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space, establishing a magic circle within which autonomous persons are free from political interference. The individual against the state—liberalism's standard trope—gets only restrained endorsement from Raz. Certainly we need to be protected from, but we also need to be involved within, the larger community that the state in part constitutes. Individuals cannot by themselves, within their magic circles, create the social forms on which their own autonomy depends. State action is as necessary as it is dangerous—a doctrine, again, for the middle ground.

Raz's men and women are denizens of the middle ground. They are persons, moral agents, in the standard liberal sense. But they are also, so to speak, embodied social forms, social forms with consciousness. Their involvement with countries and communities, and the steady processes of education and habituation, shape their "interests, tastes, and goals" in a particular way shared among themselves. Hence their self-interest should only intermittently come into conflict with their duties to fellow citizens. For interest and duty are alike social products; I and my fellows are alike social beings. In the best of all possible societies, we would choose freely among options that were at once personally fulfilling and culturally approved.

THAT VISION of harmony is Raz's closest approach to a full-fledged communitarianism. Perhaps he doesn't have a sufficiently lively sense of the contradictory character even of *social* forms in a pluralistic society. His examples are drawn mostly from the world of career choices: doctoring (impossible without the practice of medicine), lawyering (impossible without a legal system), musical performance (impossible without a developed culture of music). These may be incompatible within a single life, but they go together very nicely within a single society. Other sorts of social forms fit less well together: religious fundamentalism, political militancy, and all sorts of exclusive commitments and relationships short of and often in tension with a universal citizenship. But Raz does recognize the "competitive" if not the conflictual character of pluralism. Competition, he says, generates the need for toleration, which requires a state constrained to be tolerant and at the same time strong enough to impose tolerance on its members.

This picture of what we might call a socialized autonomy is not, Raz insists, entirely of his own making, a conceptual invention. Nor is it something that he has found hidden, as it were, in nature or in language. It is the product of conceptual analysis understood in a fashion rather new to Oxford philosophy: not a clarification but an interpretation of meanings, "an effort to make explicit elements of our common traditions." Personal autonomy is not the meaning of freedom; it is what Raz believes freedom means to *us*. It derives from a reading of our own values, a "partisan" reading in that it emphasizes certain features of those values and neglects others, but a reading nonetheless that expresses "faith in the tradition."

Perhaps Raz is right to claim that this tradition, because it is a liberal tradition, is best "read" if we start from freedom, rather than from justice and equality. He does, it seems to me, get closer to the practical realities of the liberal way of life than other recent writers in moral philosophy (John Rawls, Ronald Dworkin) who have looked first of all for principles of justice. His own doctrine, Raz says, does have implications for justice and equality, though these are not spelled out in *The Morality of Freedom*. They point, as I have suggested, to one or another version of social democracy—the middle ground, yet again.

I wonder if a more radical democratic argument might not be developed from Razian principles. He is careful to insist that no particular set of social forms is required by a regard for personal autonomy. What is required is by no means easy to supply: a range of possibilities sufficient to allow for the "exercise [of] all the capacities human beings have an innate drive to exercise." He provides no list of either innate drives or necessary possibilities, however, and it is hard to imagine a particular list that would not generate fierce controversies. One of the things that autonomous men and women will probably want to do, whether or not they have an innate drive to do it, is to participate in the politics of list-making. They will want to determine, in some cooperative or competitive fashion, which social forms the state should sponsor.

Raz too often describes autonomy as if it consisted entirely in personal decision-making, in the government of the self; but if his argument about social forms is right, it must extend to the government of the state as well. The one particular social form necessary to autonomy may be democratic politics, with all the civil rights and liberties that this entails. Moreover, this would have to be a peculiarly accessible and engaging version of democracy, if it was to enhance and extend the practice of autonomy. No doubt, this too is a partisan reading of our common values, but it is, fully as much as Raz's admirable account of liberalism, a reading faithful to the tradition.

MICHAEL WALZER

FOUNDING FICTIONS

The Birth of Israel: Myths and Realities by Simha Flapan

(Pantheon, 277 pp., $18.95)

The baby, it seems, was a bastard. It had no claim to legitimacy from the start. This is the theme of the late Simha Flapan's book about the founding of Israel. Such a verdict from Arab adversaries would not be news; but since Flapan was an Israeli, a leader of Mapam, the Labor Party's left wing, whose members were as eager as Mapai leaders to sign Israel's Declaration of Independence, his now-it-may-be-told scenario is likely to attract more than routine notice, particularly as his subject is the 1948 War of Independence, never before, as he admits, a "subject of controversy."

In his disenchantment with certain trends in Israel, Flapan had good company; many Israelis and American Zionists have unhesitatingly voiced their dismay about developments such as the Lebanon war. But critics generally distinguished the invasion of Lebanon from Israel's previous defensive wars: Israel's aggres-

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sion was a new role. In the few years since that misbegotten venture, however, such a distinction has been submerged in a torrent of retroactive examination of Israel's other wars.

LITTLE in the way of revisionism could be done with the Yom Kippur war, which was a surprise attack, except to reflect on the hubris that led to Israel's near defeat. But the recent commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the Six-Day War, hailed in its time as a bold demonstration of resourcefulness against astronomic odds, unleashed a series of articles and television specials whose conclusion seemed to be that an Israel expiring in a state of grace might have been preferable to its subsequent demoralization. In an egregious bit of psycho-history of the what-price-victory school, Arthur Hertzberg suggested that the reason for the war lay in Israel's determination to flex its muscle:

> I believe that the Six-Day Way was inevitable, and not because Nasser had closed the Straits of Tiran thus providing Israel with a reason that was valid in international law to resort to arms. The Jewish state could not regard itself validly in existence until it had, at least once, perceived itself as defying the world.

The War of Independence, however, seemed safe in history, if not in Arab propaganda. Not any more.

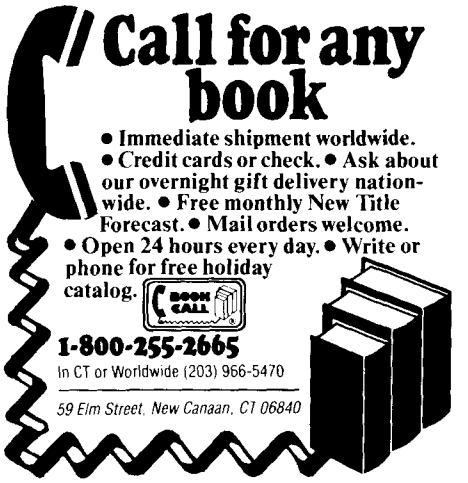
Alerted by Menachem Begin's perverse defense of the Lebanese war as a continuation of David Ben-Gurion's policies, Flapan began to examine "parallels" with the War of Independence that at first seemed "bizarre" and "preposterous." Fortified by Nahum Goldmann's autobiography, Ben-Gurion's diaries, archival material, and what he calls "unpublished material from Arab sources" as well as from "Palestinian and Egyptian friends whose names cannot be revealed," Flapan was finally liberated from the myth that Israel was engaged in 1947 and 1948 in a life-and-death struggle. After decades of swallowing Zionist fictions, the scales fell from his eyes.

In 1975, for example, he learned that in 1948 Goldmann had urged fellow members of the Zionist Executive to defer the proclamation of a state in favor of an indeterminate truce proposed by the State Department, which was alarmed by the failure of the Haganah wholly to repulse the Arab "irregulars," and by the certainty of an Arab invasion. Goldmann's position, shared by other members of the Executive who feared the destruction of Jewish Palestine in an unequal, quixotic struggle, was common knowledge at the time. But for Flapan this commonplace of Zionist history was a belated revelation. And Flapan suffered another blow when he realized that Chaim Weizmann, long admired by him as "a progressive, liberal humanist," had not recognized Palestinian, as distinct from Arab, nationalism. Surely a veteran Zionist journalist such as Flapan must have known that Arab opposition to a Palestinian entity—it was attacked by the Arabs as a fragmentation of a unitary Arab state—had been a staple in the arguments presented by Weizmann and others before various Royal Commissions. The Palestinian cause had not yet emerged.

LIKE ARCHIMEDES springing from his tub, Flapan keeps crying eureka. His discoveries fall into two categories: that water is wet, and that water is dry. Either he dredges up commonplaces, or he startles the reader with "bizarre" propositions. The author's chief discovery in the second category is that Israel's "ostensible" acceptance in 1947 of the United Nations partition resolution, which called for the establishment of a Palestinian state in the Arab sector, was a tactical ploy rather than a painful compromise for the sake of Jewish survivors whom no country would admit. Even before the passage of the resolution, argues Flapan, Ben-Gurion had conspired with King Abdullah of Jordan to divide Lebanon, and had grandiosely planned to extend Jewish rule far beyond the allotted borders. And he astutely sought war, to destroy Arab villages and to expel the Arab population.

In developing this thesis, whose unrevealed Arab sources may be inferred, Flapan admits to the lack of any "verbatim records" of the supposed cabal. A generous sprinkling of "it seems" and "apparently" qualifies his accusations. A tendentious psycho-history is his main recourse. Arabs, despite their "rhetoric," want peace; Jews, despite their protestations, want war. Every Jewish appeal for peaceful coexistence is a coded Hebrew battle cry; every Arab threat to "wipe Israel off the map" indicates a desire to shake hands. And even Arab actions are not what they seem. An actual invasion, for example, is really an implicit request to end the hostilities.

Flapan proposes to puncture these Zi-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onist myths: that the Zionists accepted partition and wanted peace; that Arabs rejected partition and launched war; that Palestinians fled; that Israel was militarily outclassed by the Arab Goliath; that Arab states united to expel the Jews; that Arab invasion made war inevitable; that Israel always sought peace and no Arab responded. Though Flapan devotes a separate chapter to the exposure of each myth, his method is circular; the same arguments keep reappearing, perhaps on the theory that the reiteration of an absurdity will make it stick. Two figures dominate the account. David Ben-Gurion is an Elder of Zion plotting to extend his rule. And Nahum Goldmann, like Virgil guiding Dante through the Inferno, shines a light for Flapan on the dark underworld of Zionist intrigue.

With the exception of the question of the Arab exodus, Flapan's "myths" have a baffling, Alice-in-Wonderland quality that invites dismissal rather than rebuttal. I would like to believe that no real student of the subject could take seriously a portrayal of Arab states spoiling for peace before and after 1948. But I know otherwise. Let me start, then, with the Palestinian exodus, particularly as Ben-Gurion's "expulsion" of the Arabs is at the core of Flapan's thesis.

IN JUNE 1948 I arrived in Israel during the first truce. The Israelis were exultant at the departure of the British, and bewildered, though not grieved, by the flight of 500,000 Arabs. The usual explanation given for their movement was that the Arab Higher Committee had instructed that areas to be attacked be cleared of innocents, and that the tactic had backfired. A strategic departure had degenerated into a wild stampede, stimulated by the Mufti's atrocity propaganda. My own interviews with Christian and Muslim clergy, and with Arabs in the villages who had not joined the exodus, supported this view.

So did the chronology of events. Immediately after the partition resolution, bands of "irregulars" sponsored by the neighboring countries, and led by Fawzi el-Kawakji, began attacking Jewish settlements. Upper-class Arabs left calmly in December. In March thousands of Arabs sold their flocks to Jewish farmers, who were urging them to stay (they were alarmed by what the move portended), and began trekking from the coastal plain. With the Haganah's success in repulsing the Arab attacks, the pace of the flight increased, though Jews still urged Arabs to remain. In Tiberias I saw a placard affixed to a sealed Arab mosque that read:

> We did not dispossess them. But the day will come when the Arabs will return to their homes and property in this town. In the meantime let no citizen touch their property. Signed, Jewish Town Council of Tiberias.

The thoroughly publicized dramatic flight of 70,000 Arabs from Haifa in April affords the clearest picture. On April 26 the British chief of police, A. J. Bridmead, reported: "The situation remains unchanged. Every effort is being made by the Jews to persuade the populace to stay and carry on with their normal lives." On April 28 Bridmead was still reporting: "The Jews are still making every effort to persuade the Arab population to remain."

Similarly, a British eyewitness account in the *London Economist* (October 2, 1948) explained:

> The Israeli authorities urged all Arabs to remain in Haifa.... There is but little doubt that the most important factor [for the flight] was the announcement made over the air by the Arab Higher Executive urging all Arabs to quit. The reason given was that upon the final withdrawal of the British the combined armies of the Arab states would invade Palestine and drive the Jews into the sea.

FLAPAN MAKES no mention of this evidence. Instead he refers vaguely to the Haganah's "humiliating terms." But there were no such terms. The Haganah had offered terms for a truce that guaranteed Arab rights as equal citizens under the then binational municipal council. These were terms that even the British considered "reasonable." Moreover, as the stampede proceeded, various Arab factions began to question the Mufti's tactic. As early as March 30, 1948, a Palestinian Arab paper, *Al Sarih*, excoriated the "disgraceful exodus." In Damascus the Arab radio, on August 8, 1948, criticized Arabs "who ran away in the face of a threat by a small minority" and chose not to fight. A curt assessment was given by the Jordan daily *Al Difaa*: "The Arab governments told us, 'Get out so that we can get in.' So we got out, but they did not get in" (September 6, 1948).

Flapan introduces his chapter on the flight with what he views as his most telling shot, a passage from Yitzhak Rabin's memoirs. Rabin was commander of a brigade assigned to destroy Arab Legion positions on the strategic Tel Aviv-Jerusalem road after the Arab invasion. Rabin writes: "We could not leave Lydda's hostile and armed populace in our rear." The Arabs of Lydda and Ramle indeed were forcibly evacuated to territory controlled by the Arab Legion. Rabin comments that the "problem was troublesome" because the army had "no previous experience on which to draw." He adds that the young soldiers of the brigade "suffered greatly"; some refused to take part in the eviction. Had the Israeli pattern of warfare included expulsion, had it not been something unprecedented in the soldiers' experience, they would obviously not have suffered the shock described. And the capture of Lydda took place on July 12, after the first truce. By then the overwhelming majority of the Arabs had fled.

Inevitably, in the course of the fighting there were instances of looting and destruction, despite the Haganah's orders; but these were isolated instances. The Irgun massacre at Deir Yassin was repudiated by the Haganah, and by every responsible authority from Ben-Gurion on down. It should be added, moreover, that the heavy losses endured during the months of repelling the Arab onslaught, the Arab massacres of civilians, the razing of Jewish settlements, the agony of the siege of Jerusalem—all unmentioned by Flapan—affected the original desire for the return of the Arabs. A word I heard repeatedly in the summer of 1948 was *ness*, or miracle. The victory against such odds was a *ness*; and the Arab flight that helped the tiny state offer refuge to an equivalent number of Oriental Jews from Arab countries (in the eyes of many, a providential population exchange) was another *ness*.

FLAPAN'S other "myths" revolve around an alleged Arab will to peace, which was thwarted by the Zionists, and particularly by Ben-Gurion's expansionist designs. Flapan reports with outrage that the goal of political Zionism was a Jewish state as promised in the Balfour Declaration. What else is new? Did Flapan never sing his national anthem at a Mapam meeting? But his thunderbolt is a sentence quoted from Ben-Gurion's talks with Arab leaders from 1933 to 1938. In the course of negotiations, George Antonius, the Arab nationalist historian, described the Arab vision of a Greater Syria that included Lebanon,

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Jordan, and Palestine, always referred to by him as "southern Syria." Ben-Gurion described the historic borders of the land of Israel as having been "the land between the Mediterranean to the west and the desert to the east, and between Sinai to the south and the source of the Jordan to the north." And for Flapan this bit of academic discussion becomes evidence of a grand design.

The negotiations themselves tell another story. Whatever proposals Ben-Gurion and his associates made, including parity for the Arab and Jewish communities in Palestine, all plans foundered on the Arab rejoinder: that peace could only be attained if Palestine became an Arab state whose Jewish population would not exceed one-third of the whole. (The Mufti advocated a maximum of seven percent.) Flapan interprets these responses as a willingness for peace "under certain conditions."

His boasted discovery of collusion between Abdullah of Jordan and Israel refers to a well-known episode. In view of Abdullah's public advocacy of a peaceful settlement, Jewish negotiations with him were hardly sinister. In November 1947 Abdullah had promised not to join the invasion. On May 10, 1948, hearing that Abdullah was wavering, Golda Meir, disguised as an Arab woman, was sent to Amman. Abdullah explained to her that the situation had changed. Promising that the Jews would be well treated if they did not declare a state and put an end to immigration, Abdullah said that, in the event of an Arab victory, he would take over unpartitioned Palestine and reunite it with Jordan. Flapan's inimitable comment on this recantation is that "Meir's straightforwardness and political naïveté" prevented her from grasping that the king's "seemingly unacceptable proposals masked his intention to implement the agreement."

Another damning bit of evidence for the Zionist plot is Ben-Gurion's frequent restatement of basic Labor Zionist doctrine: that the moral right to land was earned not by political declarations, but by its productive use through labor; that the extent to which wasteland would be transformed into habitable land for Jew and Arab would determine the borders. Why does good socialist doctrine shock an old Mapamnik? It should be noted that in 1920, fearing that Arab absentee landlords might dispossess Arab workers from land they sold to the Jewish National Fund, Ben-Gurion warned that "under no circumstances should we touch land belonging to fellahs or worked by them."

Restlessly imaginative, often contradictory, Ben-Gurion's voluminous writings reveal the variety of his proposals for accommodation with the Arabs. In 1929 he formulated a detailed plan for Arab and Jewish cantons in a federated Palestine. In 1930, at a party conference, he opposed the majority who refused to negotiate with rioters: "Nowhere is there a people made up solely of violent men.... I see no reason not to sit down with the Mufti tomorrow." This heresy was rejected by doctrinaire comrades who held that peace depended on raising the social consciousness of Arab workers, who would then unite with Jewish workers against their class oppressors, the effendis. The failed negotiations with Arabs in the '30s, and the 1939 White Paper, whose key provision limited the Jewish community of Palestine to one-third of the country's total population, ended further attempts at conciliation. Britain's complete capitulation to Arab pressure, quaintly described by Flapan as a "gesture," precipitated the Jewish struggle whose outcome was the partition resolution.

Flapan calculates bizarrely that the 600,000 Jews in Palestine added up to more than 40 million in military might, and he concludes that the Arab defeat demonstrated a reluctance to destroy Israel. (According to such reasoning, Israel's rescue at Entebbe was proof of the terrorists' desire to free their captives.) In fact, contrary to Flapan's account, the Zionists had few illusions. On May 11 Yigal Yadin, the Haganah's chief of operations, gave a bleak account of Israel's prospects: el-Kawakji was still a threat, and the Haganah's people's army had only small arms, four pieces of artillery, and no air force with which to oppose five well-equipped regular armies and the formidable Arab Legion trained by the British. He estimated the chance of success at fifty-fifty, and put his faith in an imponderable—morale in the face of necessity. And Flapan disposes of the long history of Arab intransigence in the same way: "The myth of Arab intransigence was given a severe setback by the visit of Sadat to Jerusalem in November, 1977," as though the furor in the Arab camp after 30 years of implacable hostility, and Sadat's subsequent assassination, were not telling confirmation.

FLAPAN correctly asserts that after the Arab onslaught Ben-Gurion no longer regarded the partition terms as sacrosanct; in its slightly improved borders, the promised homeland, all of 8,000 square miles, emerged on approximately one-fifth of the territory originally encompassed by the Balfour Declaration. For Flapan, however, this is more proof of Ben-Gurion's plotting. More to the point was Ben-Gurion's stand in 1967.

In the last agonizing week of May, Prime Minister Levi Eshkol publicly appealed to the Arabs not to attack: "We harbor no aggressive designs ... their territory is their legitimate right." During the fighting, despite Israel's success, the government, in a replay of the appeal to Abdullah, sent a message through U.N. Gen. Odd Bull to King Hussein, urging him not to enter the war. (Had he heeded the advice, he would still have the West Bank that his grandfather captured.) After Israel's spectacular victory, Israel tried to negotiate a return of the occupied territories. The Arab response was the three no's of Khartoum: no negotiation, no peace, no recognition.

According to Flapan's thesis, the expansionist Ben-Gurion should have insisted on the retention of the territories. He did not. Instead, he came out of retirement in July 1967 to counsel the return, with the exception of Jerusalem, of the captured territories in the context of armistice agreements. Flapan's research omits this item.

Israelis (and many American Jews) do not minimize Labor's errors. But they

THE MIND-BODY PROBLEM

A blast-off, a butte, a downpour
of beads and iridescence,
this woman, in her great unlikening,
avows it: that the body is a house.
Swayed, tinkling at some turn of thought,
like a chandelier under a dance floor,
she has made the grotesquerie of fate so clear
no one can mistake it for her.
She has it right: fail, be hated, die.
I have wanted to be her, saying
I am a shrine, I am a bad restaurant,
I am final under the disastrous sky.

JAMES RICHARDSON

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know where the danger lies; they are aware of the right's espousal of religious fanaticism and nationalist extremism against Labor's program for a secular, pluralist democracy and withdrawal from most of the West Bank. To paint Shimon Peres and Yitzhak Shamir with the same brush, to create a sensational genealogy that leads from Ben-Gurion to Kahane, obscures the basic differences that are Israel's hope. And by wholly ignoring Arab policies that feed Israeli extremism, Flapan's intemperate diatribe, veering from the ludicrous to the lachrymose, strengthens the forces it rightly deplores.

MARIE SYRKIN

Marie Syrkin is the author of, among other books, *Blessed Is the Match: The Story of Jewish Resistance* (Jewish Publication Society).

SECRETS OF THE STUDIO

A Dream of Passion: The Development of the Method by Lee Strasberg edited by Evangeline Morphos

(Little, Brown, 201 pp., $16.95)

Nobody who has read freshman papers would hold teachers responsible for all the mistakes of their pupils. Yet anybody who has suffered through another summer of dreary productions of Shakespeare, or wondered why performance artists are so attached to clichés, might question the adequacy of the training offered young actors. The deficiency is less of skill than of taste. The same acting method that initially afforded American actors an unprecedented emotional intensity has not adjusted to the changing needs of theater and the culture it depicts.

At the center of this teaching, and its attendant controversy, is Lee Strasberg. One of the founders of the Group Theatre in the 1930s, he was among the first Americans to perform in the naturalistic style of Constantin Stanislavski, the Russian actor and director whose "System" Strasberg had previously studied with two former members of Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theatre. And although he was not involved with Elia Kazan in the formation of the Actors Studio in 1947, Strasberg served as the Studio's artistic director from 1951 to his death in 1982, and as its seminal force. There he worked with many of the major actors of the past three decades, proselytizing for the "Method" that characterized American acting from Marlon Brando to Robert De Niro.

While no one denies Strasberg's preeminence, some question the depth of his contribution. Stella Adler and Sanford Meisner, his former colleagues at the Group Theatre, and the other leading American students of Stanislavski openly declare his Method a perversion of the System. Nor are they alone in claiming that Strasberg took credit for the success of actors who had studied widely (or perhaps even had been talented from the start). Though many actors, like Ellen Burstyn and Al Pacino, claim to owe everything to Strasberg, others, notably Brando himself, minimize his influence. And some observers, deploring the Studio's lack of growth since its heyday in the 1950s, wonder if Strasberg really produced hundreds of great actors, or just Marlon Brando and Geraldine Page hundreds of times.

The problem of Strasberg's Method was further complicated by his personality. Without doubting his sincerity or the intensity of his commitment, some deplored Strasberg's classroom manner: his egotism, his authoritarianism, his garrulousness. Especially vulnerable to criticism was his admiration of celebrity; his fondness for Marilyn Monroe was only the most obvious example. There were those who felt deserted when he pursued his own acting career in the '70s, a career rejuvenated by his portrayal of the Jewish gangster Hyman Roth in the second *Godfather*. More generally, Strasberg's willingness to be lionized, epitomized in his benefit appearance in a celebrity chorus line three days before his death, seemed at odds with the mandarin remoteness he cultivated at the Studio.

The debate over Strasberg will not be resolved by this collection of his writings. It is a mélange of personal reminiscences, practical advice, and theoretical overviews. Strasberg's strengths as a teacher do not translate into his prose. His worst traits—the bullying and the repetitiveness—are very much in evidence; his fabled charm is less so. He is interesting on the classes at the American Laboratory Theatre, where he first studied Stanislavski's techniques. But the story of his relation to the Group Theatre and the Actors Studio has been told better elsewhere. In fact, far from showing any anecdotal skill, Strasberg repeatedly refuses to tell the story. He merely states that he ended up in theater because "fate sometimes works quite otherwise than we expect"; or, alluding to Monroe's projected performance in a Studio production of *Rain*, he lamely concludes that "unfortunately, through no fault of our own, it never came to pass."

His defensiveness is not endearing. The sanctimonious praise of Eugene O'Neill, in whom he showed no professional interest, is a hypocrisy worthy of Hyman Roth. And his defense of Stanislavskian naturalism against the less realistic acting styles of Artaud, Grotowski, and Brecht trivializes the theories of his competitors. Avoiding the problem of whether actions or emotions are more important, he dismisses Grotowski's emphasis on gymnastic physicality as too time-consuming. As for Brecht, Strasberg simply annexes him as a Method artist manqué, arguing unconvincingly that Brecht's unemotional style of "alienated" acting is not at odds with psychological realism.

Anyone looking for insight into this period of theater history should look elsewhere. Strasberg's real contribution, however, is his theory of acting. Since (as the publisher reminds us) this slim book presents "for the first and only time in print" his explanation of the Method, these unpolished statements will have to suffice. Like Stanislavski, Strasberg emphasized the actor's experience of acting, especially the paradox that the actor must simultaneously recognize the irreality of the stage and yet act as if it were real. He focused on four aspects of Stanislavski's teaching: relaxation, concentration, the "creative if," and affective (or emotional) memory. The first two, though difficult to master,

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are obviously of practical use, and Strasberg gives numerous examples of how they may be achieved. The "creative if"—the actor acts as he might if the fictive situation were real—is for Strasberg the most problematic, and he treats it only briefly.

Most important, and controversial, is the theory of affective memory: an actor draws from his own life the memory of an emotion related, though not necessarily identical, to the emotion experienced by the character he portrays. This was the practice that gave rise to parodies of the Method actor as a brooding introvert constantly looking for a personal motivation. Strasberg's emphasis on emotional preparation, rather than on physical actions, led Adler and others to reject his version of Stanislavski. In defending the psychological basis of his theories of acting, Strasberg draws not only on the outdated work of a Canadian brain surgeon named Dr. Wilder Penfield, but on literary statements about the nature of creativity from Wordsworth, Proust, and Eliot. For him the essence of all artistic creation is the recollection of emotion through the use of objective correlatives; and emotional memory allows the performer to enact this artistic recollection on the spot.

THE GENERAL reader is not likely to care whose teachings are closer to Stanislavski's original System: Strasberg's Method, with its emphasis on emotional memory, or Adler's approach, with its insistence on the primacy of action. Yet Strasberg's basic argument is important, even for those uninterested in the history of the theater. Stanislavski recognized two problems with contemporary acting. First, actors who depended on emotion, though more moving in their inspired moments, were also less consistent than those who relied only on technique. Second, as the star-oriented melodrama of Victorian theater gave way to the less showy pieces of Ibsen and Chekhov, the ensemble actor at the beginning of the 20th century often had no sense of self-respect, no faith in acting as an art form. Stanislavski's System, in attempting to solve the problem of consistency, at least solved the problem of morale. It instilled in the actor a belief in his craft. It is this crucial self-respect that Strasberg passed on to his pupils, to the benefit of American theater and cinema.

Still, the Method's limitations are equally real. In emphasizing emotion, Method acting has always had an ambiguous relation to the play's text. No one would deny Strasberg's sense that the script in theater, like the score in the concert hall, is only a potential awaiting fulfillment with each individual performance. Yet sometimes Strasberg elevates the actor at the expense of the author, who merely supplies words to describe the emotions that the actors independently feel. Thus, in quoting the *Hamlet* soliloquy that defines his Method (and from which he draws the title of his book), he occasionally prints the verse without line breaks, as if it were prose.

This de-emphasis on words limited the actors' range. Method acting has been most successful with realistic plays; it works less well not only with Shakespeare and other classical drama, but also with stylized contemporary plays such as O'Neill's. It is unclear whether American Method actors can perform the plays by Chekhov for which Stanislavski invented his System. And as the erratic quality of the Studio's own productions has demonstrated, even the finest of Strasberg's pupils cannot sustain a consistently high level of inspiration.

The problem does not lie in Strasberg's theory itself. The positive effect of his teaching on the past 50 years of acting is undeniable. Yet the conditions in the theater to which his approach responded no longer apply; and the limitation of his theory is simply that it cannot answer all problems for all times. The 1950s, the decade during which Method acting succeeded most fully, was a time overcommitted to the universality of truth. The Method embodied this commitment in its search for emotional truth in the actor rather than in the character. The problem was not, as has often been claimed, that the Method actor was never a mad Dane, but that forms of insanity and their cultural significance differ in the 16th and 20th centuries. By claiming that emotions are essentially timeless and universal, Method acting divorced those emotions from their specific cultural contexts. It usually relocated them in mid-20th-century America, somewhere west of Broadway.

SUCH AHISTORICISM was itself characteristic of its historical moment. Method acting internalized the sense of alienation prevalent in American culture in the '50s, and its greatest exponents, such as Brando and James Dean, spoke immediately to their audiences. Yet with the passing of that culture, the cultural context of the Method has also passed away. Although these performances remain powerful, their immediacy has necessarily disappeared, to be replaced by technical admiration or mere nostalgia. When Strasberg's Method is reapplied to a new cultural climate, the result is simply anachronistic.

Some "post-Method" performances, such as Dustin Hoffman's in *The Graduate* or Jack Nicholson's in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, succeed by ironically distancing the actor from the character, using Method techniques for comic effect. But those movies that attempt unironically to recapture the naturalism and ensemble work of the Actors Studio do so at the expense of their material. Films by Coppola and Scorsese do not utilize acting skills to make an emotional point; they unintentionally make that skill their subject. When in *Raging Bull* Robert De Niro (as the boxer Jake La Motta) repeats Marlon Brando's famous

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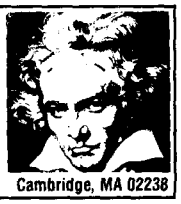

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"contender" speech from *On the Waterfront*, it is clear that the movie's real subject is Method acting itself, and La Motta just an occasion for De Niro to play at Brando. Whatever the virtues of Coppola's *Godfather* movies, John Huston's parodic view of organized crime in *Prizzi's Honor* is more fully attuned to our ironic age; William Hickey's outlandish Don speaks more immediately to the modern temper than do more realistic portraits by Pacino and Strasberg himself.

The self-consciousness of third-generation Method performances is not an anomaly. Method naturalism was always to some extent unnatural. Method acting worked best when it was played off other acting styles. Brando's power in *A Streetcar Named Desire* depended on the more traditional acting of his various Blanches. Julie Harris's overwrought tomboy in *A Member of the Wedding* profited from the unschooled styles of her co-stars, Ethel Waters and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde. When there was no explicit contrast between styles of acting, Method acting created tension by playing against cultural stereotypes.

Male actors in particular capitalized on the tension between the emotional intensity cultivated by the Method and traditional male reticence. The thrill of Brando's work depended on his ability to be simultaneously vulnerable and masculine. Since emotional openness was more acceptable in women, actresses were less able to exploit that tension; Method performances by Sandy Dennis or even Kim Stanley often seemed merely mannered and neurotic.

In part due to its own influence, the acting styles and cultural stereotypes against which the Method rebelled no longer exist. Brando so redefined our notions of both acting and masculinity that Pacino and De Niro are left with no new battles to fight. At the same time, an acting style used in the '50s to portray political engagement can in other cultural contexts look apolitical. So European directors have tended to see the Method. Films like *Breathless*, *The Passenger*, and *Last Tango in Paris* used Brando, Nicholson, and Jean Seberg as emblems not of personal rebellion but of political apathy.

Lee Strasberg is not, of course, to be faulted for being a man of his time. His ability to instill in actors a sense of seriousness and self-respect assures him a place of pre-eminence in theater history. And the appropriateness of his Method to a moment in American drama and film produced many master craftsmen and works of art. To confuse this achievement with the discovery of a timeless technique, however, may be to enslave performers to the peculiarities not only of a single personality, but of a specific historical situation. For the "dream of passion," while still useful as a training device, may not fully answer the needs of a generation that quite simply has other problems.

DAVID VAN LEER

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LOST IN TIME

The Discovery of Slowness
by Sten Nadolny
translated by Ralph Freedman

(Viking, 320 pp., $19.95)

The British do not have a monopoly on polar suffering, but they have been successful beyond their wishes at planting heroes of geography, like so many columns of ice, on the caps of the earth. As a measure of heroism, they maintain irony while doing so. "Polar exploration is at once the cleanest and most isolated way of having a bad time which has been devised," wrote Apsley Cherry-Garrard—a member of Robert Falcon Scott's 1910 expedition—in *The Worst Journey In The World*, perhaps the finest narrative in the literature of extreme travel. The British cairn of honor in the Antarctic belongs to Scott; under the Arctic Sea, it is Sir John Franklin's. The globe turns between their graves. Of their two final expeditions, Scott's was the eponymous worst, but Franklin's was the "most ghastly journey in all the history of exploration: more we shall never know, for none survived to tell the tale." This from Cherry-Garrard, who was qualified to judge.

In 1845, while searching for the Northwest Passage, Franklin disappeared with two ships and their crews. Numerous parties put forth in search of them, but not until 1859, when a scrap of paper turned up under a rock pyramid, was the fate of the Franklin Expedition certainly known. In June 1847, his ships wedged in ice, Franklin had died serenely and was buried at sea, his coffin let down through a hole in the whiteness. Still ice-bound ten months later, the remainder of his men—105—set out on foot to save themselves and failed.

A spectacular death casts a long shadow across the memory of a life, even one as fascinating and diverse as Franklin's. He sailed as a youth on a scientific expedition to Australia, fought in the battles of Copenhagen, Trafalgar, and New Orleans, and governed Tasmania. He also wrote a famous book about his second Arctic adventure, *Narrative of a Voyage to the Shores of the Polar Sea*, during which he nearly starved. For sheer horribleness, that trip probably ranks third after the worst and most ghastly journeys in the world.

Franklin's life is an ideal subject for popular biography, for the sulfurous prose of paperback "epics," for a miniseries. It has Action, Romance, Tragedy, as well as Costumes and Famous Friends. (One can almost hear Alistair Cooke's baize voice falling in folds over the corners of the story.) But Sten Nadolny, a German writer, has chosen instead to compose a quiet, elegant novel about Franklin. The book has a hero but he is anti-heroic; it is rich in history, yet the author never takes us sledding in his erudition. The premise of *The Discovery of Slowness* is this: in a life surfeited with plot the great imponderable is character, for that is what matters when you are down to eating belts and boots. *The Discovery of Slowness* is a masterpiece of characterization, a portrait of inwardness in the most outward-thrusting of lives.

Nadolny's novel reaches across the whole of Franklin's career from the age of ten to his death. There are many events, but only a single action and a single conceit—Franklin's struggle with his own slowness. That is the moral and

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intellectual problem of the novel and the source of its unity. It is also Nadolny's chief fiction. Little evidence survives from Franklin's childhood, certainly nothing to warrant Nadolny's excursus on his character. His fictional Franklin's slowness is a hypothetical analog to the stillness of the Arctic. As a boy, Franklin's "movements seemed glued to the air, and he talked like an ax thumping on a chopping block." He perceived things more deliberately than normal; at ten, he could not catch a ball, because it left a streak in the sky. As one of his teachers writes, "John's eyes and ears . . . retain every impression for a peculiarly long time. His apparent slowness of mind and his inertia are nothing but the result of exaggerated care taken by his brain in contemplating every kind of detail." As Franklin himself says, "I see a trace rather than a point . . . and I see the present only when it flares up." The consequence is "enormous patience" and the brisk contumely of the full-speed world.

IN *The Discovery of Slowness*, Nadolny's choice of narrative angle is Wordsworthian. Because he tells his tale mostly from within Franklin's consciousness, "ordinary things [are] presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." The novel is filled with perplexity at what passes for normal. It has the eeriness of good science fiction, where the reader (and here the hero) seeks landmarks in the alien. It has the moral force that arises when an innocent gets loose among the experienced. Franklin, the slow, painstaking thinker with a yen for the sea, is like Frankenstein's monster explaining his education, or the Caliban of Rachel Ingalls's *Mrs. Caliban*, a Renaissance amphibian marooned in the suburbs. He is a Cassandra of navigation, puzzled without pride and often with grief by his difference from the species.

For Franklin, time is all off. The present evades him. He gazes longer, waits better, and acts more slowly than most people; he forgets nothing. Once, while being punished for running away, he contemplates slowing down still more in anger:

> The others' day would last only an hour for him, and their hour would be minutes. The sun raced across the sky, splashed into the South Sea, zoomed over China, and rolled over all of Asia like a bowling ball. People in the villages twittered and wriggled for half an hour; that was their day. Then they fell silent and dropped with fatigue, and the moon rowed hastily across the firmament because the sun was already panting up on the other side.

From disorientation stems desire; he dreams of a place where no one minds his slowness. That place is the sea, "the good skin, the true surface of the entire planet."

It is hard to imagine a more brutal refuge than the British Navy during the Napoleonic Wars, especially for one who, at first sight, behaved as if handicapped. Yet Franklin, who really was once dubbed "Mr. Tycho Brahe," had a head for sailing. A patient soul can know a ship in its entirety; it contains a finite and diminishing stock of strangers, who in time can be persuaded through mere competency to understand one's limits. Lying in his bunk, Franklin practices climbing the rigging, memorizes routes through the ship's decks, prepares responses to questions he is likely to be asked, all to circumvent his unintentional gravity. As a midshipman, he studies distinctions of a kind that pervade *The Discovery of Slowness*. "In training," he decides, "the name of the game was how fast one could get the knot tied; in real situations, how firmly it held." His patient, unblinking stare makes him a master of real situations—a practitioner—and eventually a figure of whom his crew can say, "Our Franklin is a bishop disguised as a captain, and therefore much holier."

READING elaborately into the slim biographical fact of the real Franklin's slowness, using it as the path to character, Nadolny portrays his subject as a moral economist of the highest caliber. When everything moves at twice your speed, conventional behavior seems prodigal—so much time is wasted, so little constancy achieved. Humans who live at normal velocity rip right through their seasons of guilt; not Franklin. He has the same forced leisure for ethical dilemmas as he has for everything else.

Some of the most moving sections of the novel occur when Franklin prepares to enter battle. As always, Nadolny writes against the grain of action. These scenes depend on moral suspense, on Franklin's revulsion at what will soon happen and at the rhetoric used to make it palatable. Franklin served at Trafalgar aboard the *Bellerophon*, which, like most naval vessels of the time, was filled with sailors pressed into service, an imprisoned crew with no feel for glory. But under the quiet words of Nelson, they inflate with zeal, all except Franklin. "'I won't be infected by this,' said John. This man Nelson . . . loved madmen, and so it seemed tempting to go mad for England." Franklin emerges from the Napoleonic era a pacifist and returns to exploration (he had already been to Australia) as the best means of remaining en route without having to sail to war.

THE DISCOVERY OF SLOWNESS is interrogative and oblique; it has a phenomenological touch, as if, through Franklin's impediment, Nadolny wished to restore us to the ground of our being, to teach us to read the way Franklin does as a boy: "He preferred to steep himself in the spirit of single letters. They were the durable part of writing." When the author describes Franklin writing his *Narrative*, he captures the feel of *The Discovery of Slowness* precisely. "The air of familiarity was gone; in its place he had retrieved the lure of strangeness." That sense suffuses the exposition as well as Franklin's thoughts; novelist and subject share a single voice that names the obvious more plainly than we ever expect.

Out of it all, despite the aging somberness of Franklin's character and our foreknowledge of his end, comes a kind of moralist's whimsy. His first marriage begins to fail, and the narrator says, "As Franklin's general popularity grew, Eleanor's affection began to cool. She had published a somewhat dull epic on Richard the Lionhearted in several volumes, which sold only moderately, although the booksellers always added that the author was the 'wife of the man who ate his boots.' In the long run, that was not food for the love of a poet." On hearing that a friend has been murdered, Franklin wonders, "What sort of a person enjoys killing an apothecary?" He discovers that "white-armed, slender, slightly embarrassed, red-headed English girls were among the eight of ten reasons why it was worthwhile to keep one's eyes open." He is startled by the sexual spur, "a swelling that disappeared only very slowly. Of all things, to be conspicious in such a spot!" And if only he were king of his hometown, he daydreams as a boy, he could find a patient Eden in the everyday:

> As a rich man, John would study the faces of houses for days and gaze into the river. Evenings he would lie in front of the fireplace from the first blaze to the final crackle, and everyone would find that this was as it should be. John Franklin, King of Spilsby.

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The cows were grazing, the goat helped to avert misfortune, birds were setting down, tombstones were sucking themselves full of sunlight. Clouds were dancing, peace everywhere. Chickens were prohibited.

Chickens, you see, are too fast for paradise.

VERLYN KLINKENBORG

Verlyn Klinkenborg teaches writing and literature at Fordham University and is the author of *Making Hay* (Vintage).

TRB, *from page 4*

the two percent of GNP that would give us a shot at avoiding one. According to the *Economist*, the stock market crash cost an average of $14,000 per household. That makes $1,000 or $2,000 to straighten out the mess seem like quite a bargain.

Here's another way to look at it. The central banks of Japan, Germany, and Britain have spent $100 billion this year in their failed attempt, at our request, to shore up the falling dollar. This works out to $1,200 per household in those countries (another figure from the *Economist*). If the dollar ultimately settles at a value, say, a third less than what these foreigners paid, which is not at all unlikely, they'll have lost an average of $400 per household in the exercise. Yet if Americans could be persuaded to give up $400 per household, that would be about $40 billion, or almost double the level of "austerity" achieved by the recent emergency budget negotiations (after subtracting phony cuts and other accounting flimflam). That much "austerity" would do more to shore up the dollar than the expensive but futile efforts of our trading partners, which only enrich currency speculators.

In short, our foreign friends have already sacrificed far more to bail us out of troubles of our own making than we have even contemplated doing ourselves. The largest Japanese insurance companies have already written off $13 billion in U.S. government securities because of the fall of the dollar. As a lucky country that can borrow abroad in its own currency, unlike Third World ne'er-do-wells, we can repudiate our debt slowly and unofficially by letting the dollar slide. Thirteen billion, as Japanese management consultant Kenichi Ohmae notes tartly in the *Washington Post*, "makes the American banks' write-off on their Brazilian loan look rather modest." Thirteen billion dollars is also a proportionately larger contribution from the 120 million citizens of Japan than the 250 million citizens of the United States have yet been asked to make.

Jack Kemp is right, for the wrong reason, in saying we should stop talking about austerity. Austerity is not the right name for the modest effort the United States must make to deal with its economic problems. But it's not a bad name for what we'll get if we don't make that effort.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

fected with the AIDS virus," and consequently, "At the march itself, there were many more gay men than lesbians, with little interaction between the two." On the contrary, AIDS has brought the gay men's and women's communities closer. In San Francisco lesbian-oriented organizations participate in AIDS benefits and protests. The tensions between gay men and gay women occurred during the '70s, when women were fighting for rights that men—including gay men—have taken for granted. It's also unprofessional to use *one* quote from *one* speaker to sum up, allegedly, the position of the thousands of lesbians at that march—or perhaps lesbian attitudes in general. And Blow assumes that gay women weren't concerned about AIDS because it wasn't the sole topic of discussion. AIDS is everybody's issue, but it wasn't the only concern of the marchers, male or female.

BEVERLEY TALBOTT
San Francisco, California

WHERE SIOUX FALLS

To the editors:

In reference to the clips I sent from the *Sioux Falls Argus Leader* regarding the death of Alf Landon (Notebook, November 9): the last time I checked, Sioux Falls was located in southeastern South Dakota. At least that's where I found it over the Pioneer Day weekend.

N. K. PALMER
Pierre, South Dakota

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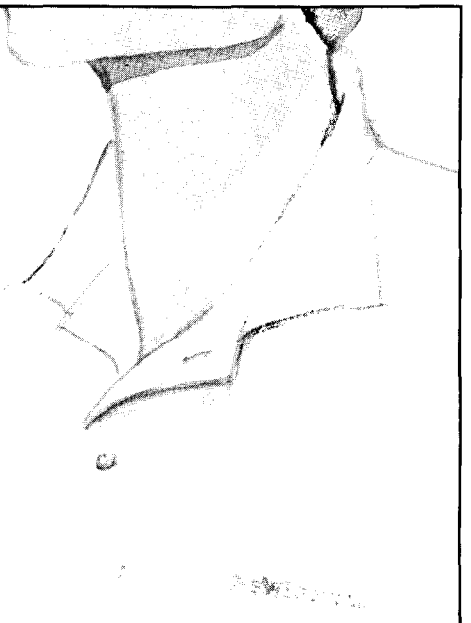

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

High Concept

YOU CAN TELL how stimulating a Washington dinner party is going to be by applying the Movie Rule: At some point, someone will start talking about movies, the safest topic of conversation at a party, since, after all, no one reads anymore. If movies are discussed early, it means that the party will be dull. If movies are discussed an hour into the party or later, then it's a good party. Of course, it's important to understand that no one actually goes to movies. Thus, a typical conversation:

D1: "I heard about a great movie the other day, *Night of the Armadillo*."

D2: "Oh yeah! That's supposed to be terrific."

D3: "Really? I thought it was supposed to be slow in spots."

D1: "In spots, yes. But Tom Cruise is supposed to be wonderful."

D3: "Cruise! Wasn't she supposed to be terrible in *Yentl Goes Hawaiian*?" etc.

ACTUALLY, THERE IS a movie that everyone in Washington seems to have seen, *Fatal Attraction*, which is supposed to be very good. I've heard it's about a married man who has a one-night stand with a woman, who later pursues him in a crazed way. (The viewer's, or nonviewer's, ability to describe the plot in a single sentence or less qualifies the film as "high concept," as in, "An extraterrestrial creature lands on Earth and is found and harbored by cute kids.") Anyway, *Fatal Attraction* is a film I have no interest in seeing. The theme is too much like every other theme these days—flawed folks dogged by a few immoral acts they committed in the dim past (e.g., AIDS, Biden, Ginsburg).

A TRUE HIGH CONCEPT: TNR Money Culture columnist warns readers that market will fall sharply and puts money where mouth is, losing $1,000 and being embarrassed in the process; ten months later, market plunges. In other words, I missed October 19 by a little. I had the right idea. My reasoning last January was that the Iran-*contra* scandal would seriously damage President Reagan and that investors would worry about what the future would hold with such a weak president in office. I compared 1987 not with 1929 but with 1973-74, Watergate time, when the Dow fell 45 percent and consumer stocks got clobbered. I was right about everything, but timing.

MY PROBLEM in January was that I was too analytical. I have now come to understand that the market lives in a world of its own, separate from the economy—and separate from the reality of the companies whose shares are traded on the exchanges. The only thing that counts is what other investors are doing. If they're dumb enough to pump up the market, then you might as well go along for the ride. Lord Keynes, who did very well as a speculator, understood it perfectly. "The social object of skilled investment," he wrote in 1935, "should be to defeat the dark forces of time and ignorance which envelop our future. The actual, private object of the most skilled investment today is 'to beat the gun,' . . . to outwit the crowd, and to pass the bad, or depreciating, half-crown to the other fellow." In other words, to "skilled investors" it really doesn't make much difference what's happening in the real world. The trick is to watch the market, to follow it up, and to dump stocks if the market seems to be headed down. The Friday before the crash investors were paying $22 for every dollar that the average company was producing in profits—twice as much as they paid from the mid-'70s to mid-'80s. That's a return of less than five percent. You could do better than that with a passbook savings account. In fact, for the past 60 years one of the few market certainties is that when price-to-earnings ratios rise above 20, the prices of stocks will take a severe dive—usually within a few months. So the market was heading for a fall, and in the back of their minds, nearly all the market players knew it. But as stocks headed up through the spring and summer, investors found the temptation to buy into a rising market just too hard to resist. When the market began to fall in mid-October, everyone bailed out at once, knowing that they had bid stocks up too high in the first place. Now they're blaming Washington—it's all of these nasty deficits. Maybe. But if investors were so worried about Congress wrecking the economy, why did they bid up stocks by 35 percent in the nine months before the crash?

ANOTHER HIGH CONCEPT: bearded law professor and judge is turned down by Senate as Supreme Court justice, becomes conservative martyr, ascends to heaven. At a dinner here a few weeks ago on the 20th anniversary of the *American Spectator*, a conservative monthly that used to have zip and gall but is now pretty tiresome, both of the current grand icons of the right were on display. I am referring, of course, to Fawn Hall and Robert Bork. The after-dinner speakers fell all over each other praising Bork. Midge Decter of the Committee for the Free World portrayed him as a Christ figure, beaten, mocked, and crucified for whose sins? Ours! And she'll never forgive anyone who opposed him! From my seat in the back of the room, I couldn't see Judge Bork. He was probably crawling under the table.

IT WAS REFRESHING, two weeks after the crash, to hear George Gilder, high priest of supply-sideism, at a luncheon at the Manhattan Institute. He's moved beyond marginal tax rates, into another world, a pleasant one. Six years before, at a time of high energy prices, high unemployment, and high inflation, he had told the same audience that the United States was entering the "Roaring '80s." Now we've had the longest period of peacetime growth in 50 years, inflation is down, etc. Gilder is in another world, his black eyes darting around the room, talking in a screechy voice about backward Germans and Japanese liberating American software. During Gilder's entire speech there's not a word about the crash. The crash makes no difference, he says, in answer to the first question—a consequence of speculation. The trade deficit is meaningless. The reason for the imbalance is that the United States is booming while everyone else is lagging. We're the only decent market: "The U.S. is the only country that can't export to the U.S." In a time of skinflints—of both the moral and budget-balancing variety—Gilder is a bighearted, wild-eyed futurist. Thus, the final high concept: quirky supply-side philosopher regales New York Establishment crowd, is beamed up to Pluto. It's a terrific movie. I hear.

J.K.G.

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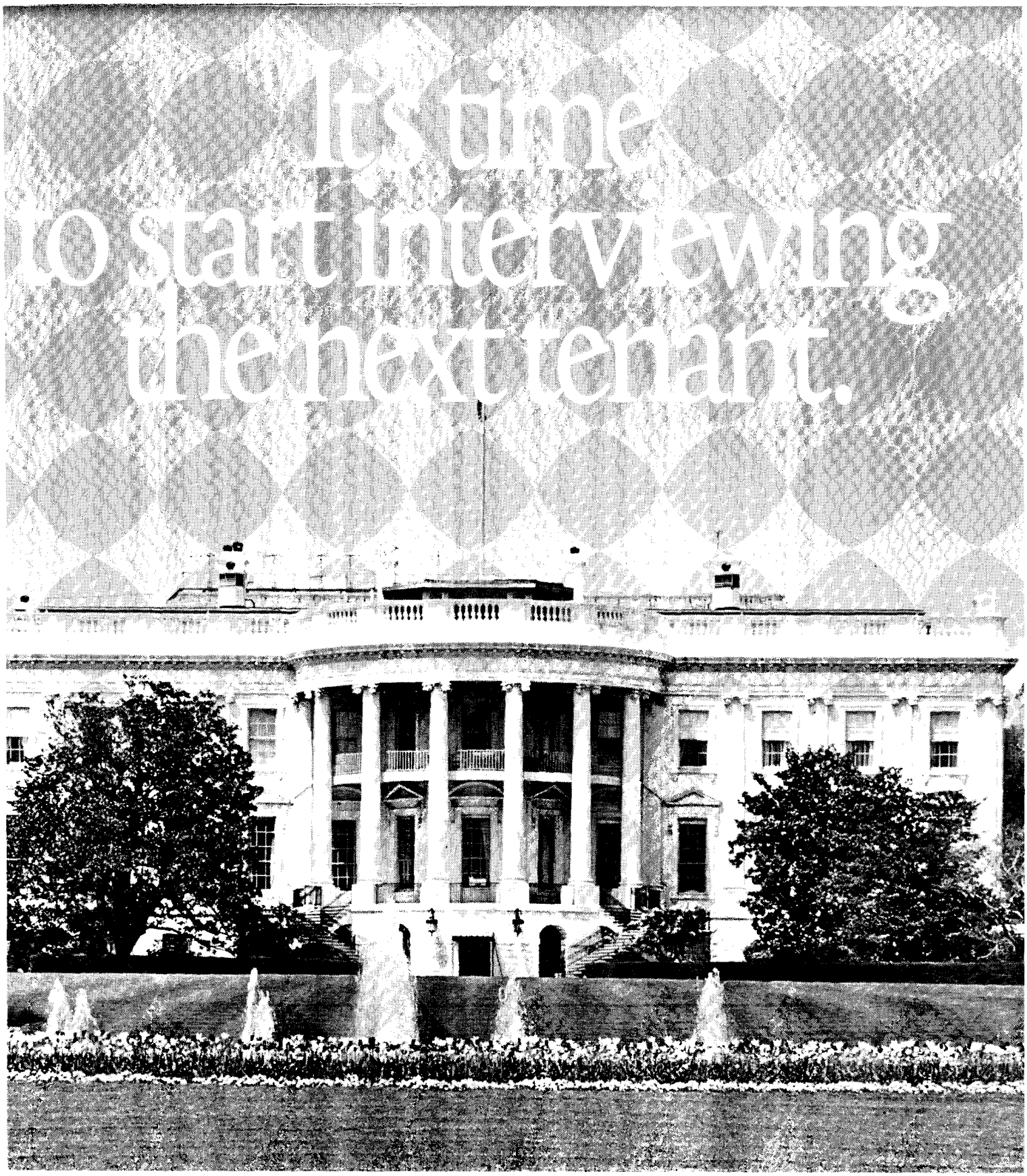

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